

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

TOWARDS the end of last week correspondents reported "a lull in the war in the Ruhr"; the French were settling down to "trench warfare." Events proved that the view is not correct; they cannot allow the stalemate of trench warfare to become established, and the French again are compelled by their own actions continually to add to the stakes. Over the week-end they increased the area of occupation by seizing four more towns, Königswinter, Caub, Lorch, and Limburg. The three first are on the right bank of the Rhine between Cologne and Mainz; Limburg is an important railway junction lying well to the east of the river, in the middle of Nassau. The object of this new move is to control, or, rather, to disorganize, the railways on the east of the Rhine and south of the Ruhr. Meanwhile, the jack-in-the-box system of occupying, evacuating, and reoccupying Ruhr towns continues. These "strafe expeditions," as they are called, become more and more violent and brutal. Bochum has suffered another visitation of the kind during the week. The town was reoccupied; large numbers of persons were arrested indiscriminately; French troops fired upon a "hostile crowd," killing two persons, entered the Town Hall during a sitting of the Council, arrested the Burgomaster and eighteen Councillors, and ended the day by breaking into the premises of the Chamber of Commerce and looting it.

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It is clear that the difficulties with regard to the railways in the British zone have not been settled by the London negotiations. These have now been transferred to Cologne and are being conducted by the men on the spot. The question at issue is the number of lines which the French are to use, and the daily average of trains to be assigned to them. The French demands are excessive, and have not been conceded; hence bitter comments from the French side. A new

difficulty has been created by the demand of the French section of the Railway Sub-Commission at Cologne that they shall be given the use of eleven more rooms in the railway directorate. The German officials refuse to vacate the rooms on the ground that this demand is connected with action in the Ruhr, and a strike is threatened. A more serious question is involved in the seizure by the French of 12½ milliards of marks which were being sent by railway to Cologne. The sum was consigned to the Cologne branch of the Reichsbank, and part of it specifically for the British army. If this money is not released, a very serious situation will be created, for France will, in effect, be blockading the British zone. One cannot dismiss the possibility that the French Government is now being influenced by those who hold that, if Britain will not actively support French action in the Ruhr, she should leave Cologne.

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THE tremendous spate of articles in the Paris Press upon the regrouping of Powers and the formation of a Continental "bloc" has its sources in the Ruhr. It indicates a certain nervousness and disappointment with regard to the Ruhr adventure, and, consequently, increased irritation with this country. In detail the proposals and hypotheses need not perhaps be taken very seriously. But the whole campaign is melancholy proof of how rapidly Europe, under the guidance of the old school of French statesmanship, is retracing the road of diplomatic intrigue and alliances which led to the Great War. The most significant fact which emerges for the moment is the change of policy at the Quai d'Orsay towards the Russian Government. That, of course, is the meaning of the extraordinarily friendly tone which has suddenly appeared in the leading articles of "Le Temps," whenever it deals with Russia. Even in the Polish-Lithuanian question "Le Temps" is all smiles and courtesy towards Russian intervention, though it is difficult for an outsider to read into the Russian Note all that the paper sees in it. There can, however, be no doubt with regard to the meaning of the conclusion that "peace will never be really assured on the Continent of Europe until the day when France and Russia can once more begin to understand each other."

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THE report of the four Scottish Labor members who visited the Ruhr for a few days is a strange document. Their proposal that German territory or property should be internationalized has naturally been welcomed by the "Morning Post," the Rothermere Press, and the French Press, although under ordinary circumstances the idea of internationalization does not find favor in those quarters. In official Labor circles the report has been read with some dismay, for it is in direct opposition to the policy of the Labor Party, and must increase its difficulties in defending that policy.

LORD CURZON, engaged in surveying the world for the benefit of the Aldwych Club, finds it an extremely satisfactory place. For some of his optimism he made a fair case. Czecho-Slovakia, for example, under the skilled guidance of Masaryk and Benes, is keeping a fairly steady course, with a balanced budget and a policy of peace to keep it so. But her internal difficulties are by no means as negligible as Lord Curzon's reference would suggest. Poland looks like turning the corner economically. But politically she will inspire no confidence till she nerves herself to break away from the new French Imperium. Her recent loan of 400,000,000 francs, drawn from France's mounting deficit, is a profitable subject for reflection. Austria, under the tutelage of the League of Nations, makes steady progress towards stability, the heavy over-subscription of her loan offered in London this week being the latest sign of returning confidence. A partial recovery of Central Europe does therefore exist, but the political conditions in Hungary and the financial in Roumania are heavy weights in the other scale. But optimism pales to extinction in view of the Ruhr situation. What that means economically is illustrated well enough by the fact that Italy, compelled increasingly to turn to the British market for coal, finds it five to seven shillings a ton higher than before the French went to Essen. Even credits to buy it with are unobtainable because of the complete lack of confidence. On one point of policy we agree with Lord Curzon. For Great Britain this is not a moment for a policy of "universal skedaddle." We must go out where we can and when we can—say, in Mesopotamia. But so far as Europe is concerned, Manchester School politics are simply *défendu*. We ought not to go even if we could, and we cannot.

PRESIDENT HARDING's proposal to the Senate that America should associate herself fully with the Permanent Court of International Justice makes a successful finish to the tentative movements begun some months ago. The door for the entry of the United States had been kept ajar from the first, membership of the Court being open not merely to States which were members of the League of Nations, but to those whose names appear in the Annex to the Covenant in the Treaty of Versailles. America, though she declined to ratify either the Treaty or the Covenant, figures in that list. There is therefore no technical reason against Mr. Harding's proposal, and his reservations are all such as the League can accept. America would bear her share of the expenses of the Court, a fact which might make the approval of the House of Representatives as well as of the Senate necessary. It was practically out of the question for the proposal to go through in the last days of the expiring Congress, but there is little doubt that the new Senate will adopt it in December. The significance of the President's action is that he is now conscious of a draft of opinion which enables him to do what he dared not even hint twelve months ago.

EVENTS in the coal industry are once more moving rapidly towards trouble. The Prime Minister met the executive of the Miners' Federation on Tuesday, and declined definitely to grant an inquiry into the causes which prevent the majority of the men in the pits from earning enough to maintain their pre-war standard of living. Mr. Bonar Law was sympathetic when he met

the executive in December. He then described the conditions in the coalfields as "horribly bad." On Tuesday his manner was singularly hard. His suggestion was that the miners were not badly off compared with men in the trades where there is much unemployment, and he insisted that the situation must improve. His authority was a set of figures provided for him by the Colliery Owners' Association, while Mr. Hodges relied on the accountants' official figures in possession of the Government Mines Department. These Mr. Bonar Law ignored. They showed that on the average the miners' wages are still only about 40 per cent. above the 1914 earnings, and that in the best-paid district, Yorkshire and the Midlands, the average increase on 1914 is 52 per cent., with cost of living 77 per cent. up. The owners' figures were obviously arranged to cover up the facts about the conditions of several hundred thousand lower-paid men. The executive has called a conference for March 27th to decide the future action of the Federation. The Prime Minister's attitude will then be of grave importance. It will undoubtedly strengthen a demand at that conference for terminating the wages agreement.

THE negotiations in the building trade have led to an offer by the employers of compromise terms, which the men's officials have referred to a ballot vote, without giving a lead or making a recommendation. The employers have dropped the demand that the working week should be extended. It is doubtful if they ever meant it to be taken more seriously than as a bargaining weapon, i.e., to enforce an acceptance of lower wages. The original claim for a 20 per cent. reduction in wages has been abandoned, and a cut of about 10 per cent., or twopence per hour for the skilled men in the highest paid centres, scaling down to a penny in other districts, is now demanded. This appears to be the limit of their compromise, and as the men protest strongly against any reduction a fight may follow. The officials contend that the skilled men are already below the "cost of living standard"—by reason of a recent cut of 2d. an hour in addition to the sliding-scale agreement reductions. They have tried hard to avoid strife, and this gives significance to the fact that they have now made acceptance of the terms or a strike a definite issue of the ballot.

THE Housing Bill is expected next week. Mr. Trevelyan Thomson wished to move the adjournment of the House on Monday in order to call attention to the effect on the local authorities of the uncertainty of the position. The Speaker ruled that the motion was barred by the appearance on the Order Paper of the notice for the Government's Bill. There is some fear that the Government are going to encourage bad housing by subsidizing houses below the standard approved by the Ministry of Health. This would be a disastrous and reactionary policy. We are glad to know from Professor Hobhouse's letter to the "Manchester Guardian" that the plan of exempting new houses built under the Government scheme from rates for a number of years is to form part of the scheme. This would be a help and an encouragement to the builders, whether Guilds or private builders, and it is of all forms of subsidy the most intelligent, because it would act as a stimulus. We are glad to see that Lord Buckmaster protests sharply in the "Times" against the statement of the Minister of Health that the new working-class houses are to be as close together as possible "without creating a slum," and that a scheme has been approved for Nottingham, under which houses have a frontage of 12½ feet, with the front door opening immediately into the only living room. Such action



would be gross treason to the future, the more unpardonable because we have the bitter lessons of the past to make us realize what we are doing.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S Government was never of the same mind for very long, and its successor seems to have inherited this weakness. When the Onslow proposals were published there was a general outcry, and nobody was surprised when the Minister for Health, who was at the moment a Parliamentary candidate, announced that control would continue for all houses for two or two and a half years more. But this announcement was corrected, and the country learnt with surprise that all houses, except those of the lowest grade, were to be decontrolled next year. The Minister of Health added a qualification, for he declared that the better-class houses would be decontrolled in June, 1924, only if the increase in the supply of such houses made it possible. On Monday, Sir William Joynson-Hicks said, in answer to a question, that the Government believed that by that time the supply would "approximate to the demand"; but the Prime Minister, replying to Mr. Pringle, said that all control would cease in June, 1925, but that the Bill would contain a clause providing that the decontrol of the better-class houses would only take place in the absence of a resolution to the contrary in either House of Parliament. Does this mean that the Government will let Parliament decide by a free vote?

As we are waiting for the promised White Paper on Lausanne the Government has produced an unusually illuminating Blue Book containing what are described as "reports and secretaries' notes of conversations" on the London and Paris Reparation Conferences of December and January. While there is no major disclosure to record, the Conference secretaries have put together a much more lively narrative than even the French journalists had an opportunity of doing. No one of them, for example, was in a position to tell how M. Poincaré, on the opening day of the Paris Conference, informed his colleagues that he had lately been visited by the German Ambassador in Paris, who desired to know whether the French Government would receive the German industrial magnates, Herr Stinnes and Herr Silverberg. Pressed delicately to develop his proposal a little further, the Ambassador explained that the industrials in question desired to suggest a deal in which Ruhr coke would exchange against Lorraine ore. The transaction, he suggested, would stand apart from the Reparation settlement altogether. Having heard the proposal, M. Poincaré, so he told his Allied colleagues, put from him the idea of receiving Herr Stinnes and Herr Silverberg. Whether those pertinacious negotiators thereupon abandoned their scheme is another matter.

MORE important than the Stinnes episode is the unfolding, so long ago as December 10th, of M. Poincaré's designs on the Ruhr. The French Premier declared that no matter what decision was taken regarding payments generally, Bochum and Essen must be occupied. "He would begin," he observed ingenuously (or the reverse), "by trying to obtain the goodwill of Germany by the pressure of the occupation of Essen and Bochum." If that failed he would try and obtain a profit from the Ruhr and the whole of the left bank of the Rhine. On the whole issue M. Poincaré showed a light-hearted spirit worthy of all praise in a leading European statesman. He visualized the future with perfect self-confidence. "He would now imagine himself, in company with all the Allies, to be in occupation of Essen and Bochum. . . . He was quite at ease in regard to the execution of the

operation, and did not anticipate any difficulties. In three hours, without any mobilization, without any offensive militarism or imperialism, the Allied forces now in certain occupied towns would be established in the heart of the German industrial region." "A sort of picnic for French soldiers," commented Mr. Bonar Law drily. Well, it is an eight weeks' picnic now, with a sufficiently black home-coming before the picnickers.

"URGENT problems of Irish administration overshadow the monotonous reiteration of Republican principles and Republican outrages. The half-yearly railway reports, the controversy over the Criminal and Malicious Injuries Bill, and the establishment of Customs posts along the Six-County frontier are discussed where no word is heard of Mr. de Valera's reply this week to the neutral I.R.A. Officers' offer of mediation. His reply is in terms with which we have grown over-familiar. His colleagues and himself cannot accept the neutrals' proposal for a truce; acceptance of the 'so-called Treaty' cannot be a basis of discussion; the Free State Government is a usurpation. The obvious way to peace is through 'a united effort towards removing the cause of the war,' i.e., the Treaty. Everyone knows that such an effort would be successful, while the present conflict 'can never result in more than a barren partisan triumph.' Concerning all this (writes our Irish correspondent) there is silence in the Dáil, silence in the newspapers, silence where people meet to talk."

"THE Government and the public are interested in the Malicious Injuries Bill, in the railways, and in the Customs frontier. The Government and newspapers, though not necessarily the Government and the public, are at loggerheads over the Malicious Injuries Bill. President Cosgrave has bluntly stated that the present resources of the Free State will not permit the Government to pay for personal injuries or for consequential damages. He refuses to be a party to increased taxation, and prefers to draw the compensation line at property. The railways have, of course, been amongst the heaviest sufferers; their dividends are abnormally low, and payable mainly by the use of moneys paid by way of compensation which should strictly be devoted to reconstruction. They have now to choose within the next month between the Government's proposals for unification, or themselves to put forward an agreed grouping scheme acceptable to the Government. So far the proposal has been made to amalgamate the Great Northern and Midland Great Western lines, and has naturally been met with the violent opposition of those who see in the proposal a base attempt to divert Western trade from Dublin to Belfast."

"THE erection of a Customs chain along the Six-County frontier has excited a similar flurry of indignation. It has been ignorantly spoken of as an act of aggression against the Six-County Government and as the herald of a tariff war. It is no such thing. What is evil in it is the direct and inevitable result of partition. On April 1st next the agreement with the British Government expires by which the Customs and Excise revenues for the whole of Ireland are divided between the Free State and Northern Ireland upon an agreed basis. From April 1st next Customs duties would be collected on all dutiable goods entering the Irish Free State, and the immediate establishment of Customs stations along the frontier is a necessary measure of housekeeping. Responsibility for resulting expense and inconvenience is with the creators of partition, who shift a natural frontier."

## Politics and Affairs.

### A SECRET DOCUMENT.

[Being the Text of an Undespatched Despatch from  
H.M. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the  
French Ambassador.]

FOREIGN OFFICE, February, 1923.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

As your Excellency is aware, the question of the action of the French Government in the Ruhr and upon the Rhine has not been the subject of any formal communication between the two Governments since the conference of the Prime Ministers in Paris at the beginning of the year. The French Government sent their troops into Germany on the ground that by such action they would ensure prompt payment by Germany of amounts of coal, timber, and specie, in which there had been alleged default under the Treaty of Versailles, and His Majesty's Government, while dissociating themselves from this policy, refrained from offering it any active opposition so long as it was still possible to argue that the original, professed object might be attained. The events of the last six weeks, however, prove that this is no longer the case, and His Majesty's Government, therefore, feel compelled to lay before the French Government their views upon the whole situation which has thus been created.

In the opinion of His Majesty's Government the present action of the French Government in the Ruhr and Rhineland is a violation of the principles of Public Right and humanity for which France and Great Britain fought as allies in the war; they hold, further, that it is a violation of the Treaty of Versailles and of the rights not only of Germany but of Great Britain under that Treaty; that it involves an unprecedented breach of international law, which must inevitably produce a recrudescence of war and bloodshed, and that it therefore threatens the most vital interests of this country. Under these circumstances it is within the rights, and is indeed the duty, of His Majesty's Government to lodge a formal protest against this action and to consider what steps it may be necessary to take in opposition, if it be persisted in. They desire to remain on the most friendly terms with the French Government, but they cannot remain silent and inactive while everything for which Great Britain fought in the war is being destroyed, her rights disregarded, and her interests irreparably damaged. In pursuance of this policy, therefore, His Majesty's Government have decided that the moment has come when they should lay before the French Government, and the other Governments of the Allied and Associated Powers, a reasoned statement of the position of Great Britain on the subject.

His Majesty's Government hold that, on strictly legal grounds, whether of international law or under the Treaty of Versailles, France has no right to invade German territory or to apply any of the military sanctions which are now being applied in the Ruhr and the Rhineland; but, while something must be said later regarding the purely legal aspects of the situation, His Majesty's Government primarily base their protest and opposition upon broader and more fundamental grounds.

The French Government invaded the Ruhr on the ground that Germany was in default over Reparation payments under the Treaty of Versailles. When this military operation was undertaken the only default which the Reparation Commission had declared against Germany was in respect of 146,365 telegraph poles and 25,180 cubic metres of wood, and even this default had not been declared by a unanimous vote of the Commis-

sion. Immediately after the invasion, the French Government obtained a vote of the Commission, again by a majority, declaring that Germany was in default in respect of the delivery of some hundreds of thousand tons of coal. His Majesty's Government are aware that during the last hundred years States have often taken high-handed action against their neighbors with little or no justification, but they know of no precedent for a civilized State sending an army into the territory of a neighboring State in time of peace in order to compel the delivery of a few telegraph posts, some wood, and some tons of coal. His Majesty's Government cannot believe that such action is compatible with the maintenance of peaceful or civilized relations between European States.

When the French army entered the Ruhr, neither the German Government nor the population offered any armed resistance. Such resistance as was offered was of a pacific character, i.e., it consisted in the main of a refusal to carry out the orders of the French military staff or of the French Government. Under international law and under the municipal law of every civilized nation, including France, such refusal was not only justified, but obligatory. But the French Government, basing itself on this pacific resistance to their own illegal action, have proceeded to take steps which throw a new light upon the whole policy now being pursued, and cause the gravest concern to His Majesty's Government. The French Government are no longer attempting to get telegraph poles or coal, but are attempting to force the population of the Ruhr to accept their own military administration in lieu of the civil administration of the German Government. With this end in view the most stringent martial law is being enforced, as though the Ruhr were under military occupation in time of war: persons are bayoneted and shot or arbitrarily fined and imprisoned; public and private property is confiscated; the railways, mines, and the whole machinery of civil administration are seized; Government servants, from Governors and Mayors to railwaymen and policemen, are arbitrarily arrested, dismissed, and banished. If this action were confined to the Ruhr territory, it might perhaps still be possible to argue that its object was to compel the delivery from that territory of the 146,365 telegraph poles which, so far as His Majesty's Government are aware, the French Government and army have not yet obtained after six weeks' occupation of the Ruhr. But the French Government have not confined their operations to the Ruhr; they are also taking similar action in the territory on the Left Bank of the Rhine which is occupied by France for fifteen years under the Treaty of Versailles. The Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission is being used by the French Government to pass ordinances and initiate action which, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, are *ultra vires*. Under these ordinances the collection of customs and taxes and the whole administration are being transferred to France; the German Civil Service is being dismissed and required to re-engage to France; the higher officials are being banished. In a word, the sovereignty of the Rhineland is being transferred, in violation of the Treaty of Versailles, from Germany to France.

His Majesty's Government, when they look back over the events of the last six weeks, are reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the French Government are engaged in an attempt to detach the Rhineland permanently from Germany and to consolidate their military hold upon the Ruhr. Great Britain, as a partner of France in the war and as a co-signatory of the Treaty of Versailles, is vitally interested in this question, and must protest in the most formal and solemn manner against any attempt to go behind the decisions of the Peace Con-



ference. His Majesty's Government desire to address the French Government in the most friendly spirit on this subject, but must at the same time issue the clearest possible warning. The present President of the Council, M. Poincaré, who was President of the Republic during the Peace Conference, is well aware of the course which negotiations took between the heads of the principal Allied and Associated Powers during the Conference. He will remember that from the French side demands were put before and considered by the Council of Four which would have permanently detached the Rhineland from Germany, would have established France permanently on the Rhine frontier, and would have given to France a permanent military and economic hold upon the Ruhr. These demands were pressed, because it was alleged to be necessary not only to disarm Germany, but permanently to destroy her military and economic power by a process of partial dismemberment. The other Allied and Associated Powers gave very long and careful consideration to these French proposals, and they were unanimously rejected as incompatible with the principles and objects of the Allies and with the terms of peace which they had offered to Germany. The President of the Council, M. Clemenceau, eventually withdrew the French original demands and agreed to those terms which were inserted in the Treaty and accepted by Germany. According to those terms the Rhineland was to remain an integral part of Germany, though subject to a temporary occupation by the Allied armies, and no hold either of a military or economic nature was given to France over the Ruhr. His Majesty's Government are aware that there was considerable dissatisfaction in some quarters in France with this result. The President of the Council, if he refers to the confidential documents, will find that both the British Prime Minister and the President of the United States of America had to direct M. Clemenceau's attention to attempts which were being made, under the protection and encouragement of high French military commanders, to engineer "the establishment of a separate republic for the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia" or a revolution in the Rhineland having as its object the permanent separation of that territory from Germany. M. Clemenceau was, in fact, compelled to give explicit instructions to General Mangin, C.O. of the Tenth Army, Mayence, forbidding the participation of French military officers in these attempts to present the Peace Conference with a *fait accompli*, and to ensure the dismemberment of Germany.

The decisions of the Allied and Associated Powers were, therefore, explicit with regard to the future of the Rhineland, the Rhine frontier, and the Ruhr. His Majesty's Government are, however, astonished to find that during the last few weeks the French Government, on the ground of obtaining some telegraph poles and coal, are engaged in executing by *force majeure* precisely that policy of dismemberment to which they failed to obtain the assent of the Allied and Associated Powers at the Peace Conference. Apart from all considerations of justice, international law, or even humanity, His Majesty's Government cannot recognize any right of France to consolidate her military and economic hold on the Ruhr or to detach any German territory west of the Rhine from Germany; nor, in general, will they admit the right of any single State or group of States to upset by military force the common decisions of the Allies.

These are the general grounds upon which His Majesty's Government base their protest and opposition to the present policy of France. It should be added that they are aware that, after the late war and the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, it has not been usual to lay

any great stress upon justice and humanity as principles of action to be regarded in the relations of civilized States. Nevertheless, they feel compelled to register their opinion that to bring the miseries of hunger and unemployment upon many millions of people, to subject them to the arbitrary force of military law, to shoot, imprison, and fine persons on German territory for obeying German law, in order to exact payments which the greater part of the world considers that Germany cannot under any circumstances pay, are acts against which it is the duty of every humane and civilized Government to protest.

There remain many legal questions which materially affect the position of the two Governments with regard to French action. His Majesty's Government propose to deal with them at length in a further communication if the opportunity occurs. It will be sufficient at present to state the position which they take upon the broad legal question. The French Government claim the power to invade the Ruhr and take their present action in the Rhineland on Clause 18 of Annex II. to Article 244 of the Treaty of Versailles. The British Government hold that that clause gives no right to any of the Allied Powers to take separate action without the consent of its Allies, or independently to apply military sanctions, in the shape of an invasion, against Germany for an alleged default in Reparation payments. They hold, therefore, that French action is a violation of the Treaty of Versailles. It is a violation of a very serious nature, since the French Government by acting independently against the will and without the consent of their Ally, Great Britain, are actually destroying German ability to make Reparation payments, in which Great Britain is no less interested than France.

His Majesty's Government, however, do not, in this communication, wish to enlarge upon the purely legal question. They desire at the moment only to lay before the French Government their general view of the immediate situation. They are prepared, in the most friendly spirit, to offer their good offices to France, and they desire to urge the French Government to submit the whole question to a form of impartial arbitration, and meanwhile to withdraw their forces from German territory. They feel it their duty to add that, holding, as they do, the views which have been given above, they will be compelled, should the French Government refuse their offer of mediation and arbitration, to reconsider the policy of this country and what steps should be taken to protect its interests.

#### THE DRAMA OF IRISH CHARACTER.

THERE are two sets of people who have found ample ground for satisfaction in the spectacle that Ireland has presented since the Treaty was signed. The irreconcilables in England and the irreconcilables in Ireland rejoice together and encourage one another. "What did we tell you?" say the first party. "Did we not argue that the Irish were incapable of self-government? That once the British Empire stepped out of Ireland, the Irish people would relapse into their native anarchy? That much as Irishmen seemed to hate England, they hated each other much more bitterly? What has happened? When we went to Ireland we found the Irish engaged in tribal warfare. Now that we have left Ireland they return to tribal warfare. And tribal warfare will presumably continue as long as Ireland is left to herself." Such is the argument of the "Morning Post." But that is not a bit more insulting to Ireland than the

argument of Miss Mary MacSwiney. "The Irish people," she says in effect, "are a cowardly people. The British Government, by threatening force, compelled them to accept the Treaty; we, by using force, will compel them to denounce it. The English made a hell of Ireland to gain their ends. We will now make a hell of Ireland to gain ours. And our young men are in a very favorable position for this purpose. Nothing is easier than to bring Ireland under the shadow of famine and death. Geography and history alike are our allies, and there is no country in the world where it is easier for a small determined minority to make life intolerable for a whole nation."

The first school would be larger if it were not that most Englishmen have to-day a vivid sense of their responsibility for the state of Ireland. This sense found admirable expression in the leading article in Monday's "Times." The experience of all countries goes to show that it is impossible to overrate the mischievous consequences of misgovernment, and in particular those of alien misgovernment. A people adapts its outlook, its habits, its methods, to its system of government, and if it is denied responsibility and forced to express its will by open or veiled rebellion, it becomes a nation of conspirators. It is sixty years since Italy was freed; but nobody who examines her politics will deny, whether he approves or disapproves the Fascisti *coup*, that she still bears the traces of the system from which she was delivered by Garibaldi and Cavour. To suppose that Ireland, even if the conditions in which she started her new life had been the most favorable, would have behaved at once like a people accustomed to self-government, is to suppose that Providence was ready to work a special miracle and to suspend for her benefit the operation of the law of history. If Mr. de Valera had accepted the Treaty, or if Mr. Lloyd George's Government had accepted Document No. 2, the first few years of Ireland's new life would have been marked by a good deal of agrarian crime and disorder. The violence from which Ireland is suffering is not all the direct work of fanatics. In the early days of the British Terror, Sinn Féin had to organize the land courts in order to suppress agrarian crime, and the just awards of those courts were enforced on reluctant and sullen law-breakers. There are numbers of young men serving under the Republican flag in Ireland for no object more spiritual than that of seizing the property of a neighbor. The crime of which Mr. de Valera and his friends are guilty is the crime of using against the Irish State those anti-social passions from which every patriot seeks to defend his country.

The great mass of the English people are watching with sincere sympathy the efforts of the Irish Government to establish a basis for civilized life. They appreciate the difficulties, and they know that those difficulties are in large part due to English conduct in the past. The Irish character made Ireland a singularly unfortunate theatre for the desperate methods by which English Ministers tried to secure for British rule the stability that depends on fear. A Black-and-Tan régime would do infinitely less harm in England because Englishmen have more initiative and more readiness to take responsibility. In Ireland the idea of respecting a Government or intervening in the interests of order is so outside the national tradition that men who throw bombs or set fire to houses or derail trains can count on the angry acquiescence of spectators or passers-by who would give short shrift in England to any such criminals.

Moreover, there is an element in the Irish temperament which complicates the problem. Bagehot said the Irish were too subtle and clever a people to work a Parliamentary system, and though we think he will be proved

wrong, it is undoubtedly true that the Irishman lacks a saving quality which prevents the normal Englishman from becoming a fanatic. The fanatic is the man who wants to get his own way, whatever the price he has to make others pay for it. Of all forms of selfishness it is the most unscrupulous. In England the fanatic gets little sympathy because Englishmen see that he makes any society uncomfortable at the best and unworkable at the worst. But in Ireland he can always count on a good deal of sympathy, for the Irishman will seek to understand his intellectual position, and he then finds that, viewed purely as a set of intellectual propositions, the reasoning of the fanatic is plausible enough. When the Englishman sees a man throw a bomb he says, "This fellow must be suppressed as a diabolical nuisance." When an Irishman sees a man throw a bomb he says, "I wonder what is in his mind"; and as soon as he finds that there is something in his mind which he can appreciate intellectually, he begins to forget what happens to a society where men throw bombs as a dramatic way of arguing their case.

Against such difficulties a Government can only make slow headway, but there is a general impression that the Free State Government is gradually exerting its supremacy. It is a good sign that executions have ceased for the time, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn's article in the "Observer" encourages the hope that the Free State Army is improving in efficiency and discipline. When once the Free State Government has at its command an effective force, even if its numbers are not very large, it ought to be possible to put an end to the worst forms of disorder, such as the derailling of trains. The experience of the Six Counties, where the Duke of Abercorn made a State entry into Belfast on Monday, is comforting, for eighteen months ago Belfast seemed to be as hopelessly out of control as Cork or Kerry. Sporadic crime will continue, no doubt, for a long time, but when once the Free State Government succeeds in putting an end to organized crime, Ireland will turn the corner. She has not unlimited time, for the recovery and tranquil progress of her economic life are essential if she is to collect her taxes and pay her way. Mr. Ormsby Gore puts the figure for compensation for injuries before the Truce at ten millions, half of which it is expected will fall on the Free State. Since then, of course, there has been a steady destruction. But the outlook justifies the hope that Ireland will disappoint those Englishmen who prefer for their country disgrace to abdication, and those Irishmen who would rather see an Ireland in ruins than an Ireland in which the minority cannot impose its will.

## FROM EYDTKUHNEN TO HERBESTHAL.

By A EUROPEAN MERCHANT.

RETURNING from a visit to the new Baltic States, I found the effects of the Ruhr occupation brought home to me at the German frontier station, Eydtkuhnen, in a manner which certainly affected my personal comfort as well as that of my fellow-travellers. Combining practical coal economy with effective international propaganda, the German Government—curtailing the passenger traffic by 25 per cent.—has first of all suspended the trans-continental trains. Consequently I had to leave my comfortable berth in the international sleeping-car express running between Riga and Ostend, and take an ordinary train to Berlin. On entering my hotel in Berlin, my eye was immediately attracted by large red posters hung up in the lounge, announcing in big letters that French and Belgians would not be served. This



same poster I found in all the shops and restaurants I visited. I did not hear a single French word spoken during my stay, although on previous visits it was not uncommon to hear French in the hotels and in the streets.

This anti-French feeling was given practical form in the restaurants, which, all over Germany, have stopped the sale of French wines and liqueurs. The hotel manager informed me that prior to this action he calculated the daily consumption of French wine in Germany at 20,000 bottles at least, and he believed that Germany was considered one of the best markets for the Bordeaux wine merchants, who undoubtedly would feel the boycott badly if it lasted any length of time.

As the Hook of Holland and Flushing boat-trains from Berlin had both been cancelled, and there was consequently no choice in comfort, I decided to accompany a friend to Elberfeld—the Bradford of Germany, situated just outside the occupied area of the Ruhr—and then work my way up through Cologne and Brussels back to London. We boarded early in the morning the one fast train in the day bound for Essen, which, like all trains at present in Germany, was overcrowded. The tone of the travellers was gloomy enough, but every German to whom we spoke expressed a firm determination to see this business through, whatever turn it might take. They declared that Germany had never been so united as since the French and Belgian action in the Ruhr, and a wit in our compartment declared the German people were now singing "God save Poincaré," for he had been the only man since Bismarck able to create a new Germany!

Passing the Porta Westphalica, we began to look out for coal-trains coming from the Ruhr, and although the traffic on this busy line had diminished considerably, trains with coal were still actually going off. Before reaching the junction of Hamm, where we had to change for Elberfeld, the German police made a thorough inspection of the train and the passports. We were informed that this was done to stop Polish and other foreign miners going to the Ruhr, and that on the previous day twenty Polish miners had been taken from the train and sent back to Poland. The junction of Hamm we found a beehive of humanity. All the passenger traffic had been diverted from this junction to avoid crossing the occupied area, and many travellers would make a day's journey to avoid the Ruhr and reach their destination—a distance which in ordinary times would perhaps take an hour or less.

My friend and I found ourselves packed in a compartment with ten other travellers, all of them connected in one way or another with the mining and iron industry of the Ruhr. All insisted that the whole population of the Ruhr were resolved to exercise the greatest possible self-restraint, and to try to force the French out of the Ruhr through the economic pressure caused by peaceful obstruction. Their only fear was that this plan would be upset through the policy of deliberate provocation adopted by the French, especially if the latter began to stop food supplies from outside, cases of which were already known to them. In that case the least incident might kindle the flame of revolt, which would spread like a prairie fire over the whole Ruhr district, and swell into one of the most fearful catastrophes in the world's history.

At Hengstey junction we crossed the French line. The train was stopped by the soldiers, and some of the luggage and passports examined, but as our destination was Elberfeld, we were soon released, and were in a few minutes safe in unoccupied territory. Coal-trains were stationed at Hengstey, but no evidence of movement was to be noticed, and we were told that a few days ago the French, unsuccessfully trying to manœuvre a train with

fifty coal-trucks, were approached by a German engine-driver offering assistance. They gladly accepted, and he began shunting the train up and down the line, and finally gathering full steam, drove off in the direction of Elberfeld, pursued by a hailstorm of bullets. But train and driver were never seen again by the French. Stories of similar incidents are abundant. Elberfeld, picturesquely situated in the valley of the Wupper, made a peaceful impression, although the French sentries practically surrounded it at a distance of two kilometres. Under the surface of assumed tranquillity, a great nervous tension was noticeable. Dining with one of the oldest patricians of Elberfeld, in his stately home full of art treasures of great value, I asked him if he did not consider it advisable to remove them, as they might be subject to rough handling by the *soldateska* if the town were invaded. He replied that since recent events "home and treasures have lost their value for us. We were tired and sick of war, and our only wish was to work in peace, but 'they' won't let us. We shall fight now to the bitter end." This incident, and the description by an eye-witness of the thrilling performance of "Wilhelm Tell" at the Essen Theatre—in which the whole audience rose in indescribable excitement—give sufficient indication of what the French are up against.

Next morning we took train for Cologne, crossing the French line again at Vohwinkel, and arriving in time for the 8.47 express for Paris and Brussels. The once busy terminus of Cologne was practically deserted: only a few local trains, as both lines, on the right and the left banks of the Rhine, beyond British influence, had been closed. The friendly attitude towards Englishmen which I had encountered all the way through Germany I felt specially accentuated here in Cologne. Our hopes to enjoy at last an undisturbed, comfortable journey to Brussels were badly disappointed. As far as Buer the railway works perfectly, under German management. At Buer, however, we again entered French occupied territory. The complicated electrical system for working signals and switches has been spoilt by the Germans, and the French cannot repair it. All the rails on the sidings are covered with rust, and no trucks have been moved since the Germans downed tools. At a terribly slow pace, with frequent stops, we reached Aachen, after about five hours' run. To our great disgust, we were turned out of our through carriage, as they could not divert it to the main Aachen-Herbesthal line. All passengers were huddled into another train, partly sitting on their luggage. Thence they were conveyed at snail-like speed to Herbesthal, where another change was necessary to join the train for Brussels.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

ONE result of the debate on the Ruhr occupation has been to stiffen a good deal of opinion here which, though not expressive of a precise line of policy, tends increasingly to think the line of the Government's inadequate, and therefore dangerous. At least, these men feel, if we do not act we ought to speak. Yet we remain dumb dogs. Since the breach at Paris nothing in the shape of a Note, or even an informal remonstrance, has passed from England to France. Yet we have Mr. Law's admission of the crucial fact that *in his opinion* the French are in the Ruhr for an unlawful purpose, inadmissible under the Treaty, namely, the permanent

occupation of the country. From this conclusion there is no escape. The French admit that they are after the sum fixed in 1921, and now abandoned—namely £6,600,000,000. The Prime Minister declared in Parliament on Tuesday that he considered the sum to be "impossible of collection." As M. Poincaré knows this as well as Mr. Bonar Law, he is guilty of calculated bad faith, aggravated by action unlawful and offensive to this country. Meanwhile we are being daily treated as if we were a Belgium or a Switzerland. The British sphere is almost an invested area, on the borders of which the French execute raids on the money used for the payment of our troops, and within which they penalize our traders, and arrest German subjects, with full knowledge of our disapproval of these acts. But it is on the broad thoroughfares of European life that this highwaymen's policy goes on. I am told that not only with Poland, but with Czecho-Slovakia, the French Government has made arrangements for the mobilization of the armies of these States in case of an invasion, not of France by Germany, but of Germany by France. Supposing this statement to be within appreciable distance of the truth—How far is this policy to proceed?

FOR all this we, above every Power, are responsible. It is a hard truth for idealism to face, but we must recognize that an armed Germany would never have been the subject of this victimization. But her complete disarmament was our work, not France's. Even Foch would have reserved to her the right of conscription, in the belief that an aggressive German Government would find that weapon harder to wield than a professional army. But Mr. George was then in the flush of an anti-conscriptionist enthusiasm, and promptly mobilized the Press in its favor. By this act of perfect *naïveté*, Germany and Europe were delivered into the hands of the one great military Power which the war left standing. It is not possible to place our moral accountability higher.

I SHOULD not like to strip our sensational Press of any laurels it rightfully enjoys, but in the matter even of lying I remember nothing quite so undecorated as the French accounts of their proceedings in the Ruhr. It was stated in the Press that colored troops had been used during the new occupation. The French first denied this report, and then admitted that a mixed battalion had been inadvertently sent. The "Times" correspondent now declares that he found "Königs-winter occupied by a company of Moroccans," who, of course, are all over the Rhineland. The raid on the Chamber of Commerce at Bochum was stripped of its brutalities and described as a mere act of possession. The same correspondent now declares that the building was practically sacked, and that there was "an orgy of destruction"—the cellars robbed, the paintings of Bismarck and other German heroes run through with the bayonet, and furniture smashed to pieces. As for the humanity of the army with which British soldiers were lately associated, the facts speak for themselves. All over the Rhineland the supply of milk to sick children (and tuberculosis still rages in Germany) has been terribly curtailed owing to the competing wants of a luxurious invasion. This dearth has now spread to the Ruhr. A recent English visitor told me on the report of three accredited witnesses that the milk trains had been stopped. And I have before me the report of Dr. Turnbull that while in the Ruhr and Rhine area the number of children fed by the State

had risen from 80,000 to 160,000, the milk supplies had stopped at once as a result of the French seizure and the following requisitions. If, then, the British Government is debarred not only from action to stop these barbarities, but even from the right kind of speech about them, I suggest that all over Great Britain, in churches, chapels, trade unions, co-operative and public meetings, and among philanthropic folk, collections should be made to forestall and mitigate the starvation of German children by French soldiers.

BABES in politics may be forgiven much; and I imagine that the four delinquents of the Labor Party who issued their "report" on the Ruhr may retire on the compliments of the "Morning Post" and the whipping they have had from their pastors and masters. Their proceeding was singular enough. The report was not seen by the Parliamentary leaders, for the simple reason that the four failed to carry out their promise to submit it before publication. But the "concern" one has about such an act is that these miniature world-makers should have blown out their scheme of "internationalization"—blessed word—for the industries of the Ruhr, without a thought of the character of the struggle as it ought to look to men who have taken service in the eternal battle for human liberties. Who are they that they should barter the lives and freedom of tens of thousands of German workmen in an hour when they lie at the mercy of French generals and capitalists, under whose fiat these precious Articles of Association must be drawn up?

I NEVER look at the glorious Temple of Jupiter Stator that we call St. Paul's Cathedral without conceiving a greater admiration of it. What majesty! What knowledge! What power to vary, to lighten, to enrich a noble design! And when all this intellectual admiration has had its full sway, how the soul halts, or flies away, let us say, to Chartres, in memory of the day when one first saw it and fell beneath its lifelong spell! Is it that in St. Paul's the majesty is all earthy, that its power and glory are the power and glory of man's Dominion, that it is the proud symbol of the British Imperium, as St. Peter's is of Rome's? And should we acutely feel the desecration of turning the great building into a glorified Exchange? I wonder. Now the Abbey—

So Dean Inge has joined the army of the Contraceptionists. I am not surprised. Birth control may be right or wrong. But it is the oriflamme of the pessimist; of the man who, among all his disbeliefs, disbelieves finally in humanity. But there are other followers of this school, and I advise them to mark the road along which Dean Inge would lead them. The social reformer of the Left, for example, thinks in terms of his desire to raise the general standard of civilized living, and sees no hope of it with an abounding population and little prospect of a great increase in production. The Dean is not much troubled about the standard of life, as, indeed, Deans have no great reason to be. His pastoral crook is aimed at the skulls of the criminally thoughtless poor. Thoughtless for themselves, indeed; but how much more so for the suffering rich! Still, the resources of civilization are not exhausted. If these people will go on having their wrongfully engendered children, the State has a remedy. Let there be a legal maximum for families of the poor; if it be exceeded, let the parents pay for the education of the unwanted of Mayfair. Thus, it will be



seen, the Dean's axe has a far keener edge than the Geddes one. Geddes merely lopped the education rate; the Dean drives at its poisonous source—*children*.

RENAN'S "Souvenirs," once known, can never be quite forgotten: their scent is indelible because, in its essence, it is so homely. But when I read the old panegyrics of the "Vie de Jésus," I feel sick. Faugh!—it smells like a Paris perfumery shop. It is uncomfortable to think that such a piece of artificiality should survive—if it does survive—by virtue of a most delicate tracery of words, the sentimentality of the ex-seminarist, and a deliberate and quite unscholarly use of documents to suit a prepared literary plan. And what a plan! Renan's approach to the social teaching of the Gospels is that of a middle-class *père de famille*; but only when his mind comes in contact with the central thought of Jesus is its essential timidity revealed. Those sighs over the "incomparable artist," so unfortunate as to make one great slip; that sugary lament over the revealer of the Kingdom of Heaven, letting it slip, in an unguarded hour, into the mist of an apocalyptic vision! I declare that such stuff could never have been written in English; but indeed Anatole France, at his naughtiest, is a model of interpretative feeling compared with Renan. He is, of course, a greater artist than Strauss; while Arnold, without a tenth part of Renan's scholarship, easily surpasses him in the power of criticism, which is to drive straight on to the governing idea of the great, and remain fixed there.

Now that the Administration des Bains de Mer at Monte Carlo have at last decided that pigeon-shooting shall cease when the present season comes to an end, it is fair to give the main credit where it is due. I imagine that Sir Basil Zaharoff is entitled to a good share. He has always hated this abomination, and used his great influence with the controllers of the Casino to stop it. Wounded birds, with a way of fluttering into any open window that offered an asylum, may touch a millionaire's heart, like another's. Sir Basil found a powerful ally in the reigning Prince of Monaco, as in his predecessor; indeed, if the abuse had gone on much longer there might well have been a dramatic ending.

I EXTRACT this gem from the "Daily News" of Thursday, occurring in an appreciation of Father Ronald Knox:—

"His brilliant pen was considered mightier than his sword was likely to be in the war, and he was enlisted in the corps of writers who tried to tell the truth about England. By the end of the war his training for his new vocation was completed, and he was ordained in 1919 by Cardinal Bourne."

Other graduates in the University of Truth, please note.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### "THE CITY'S FOUNDER."

THIS week we have all been celebrating Sir Christopher Wren, and from every side has risen the chorus of admiration. All the admiration was deserved, and no one questions it. To seek his monument the reader of the famous inscription in St. Paul's need not only look around him there; he should look far over the white and strangely shaded spires of the City, or sail up the river to Hampton Court, or down the river to Greenwich Hospital, or take 'bus to Chelsea Hospital and

Kensington Palace, or take train to each of the old Universities in turn. Even then he would have left out the Livery Halls, of which Wren is said to have designed thirty-six, and the Monument, and Temple Bar, which our City Fathers banished to Theobald's Park so as to leave room for traffic and the Griffin. The man lived to ninety, and was a famous architect for sixty years. No doubt he employed a large staff of clerks and assistants, but still there is something magnificent about the mere quantity and variety of such a record in work. It is a record, we suppose, unsurpassed by any architect, for, as a rule, the architect's work is necessarily limited by time and opportunity, both of which fell to Wren in unusual abundance. And this vast body of production was all included under the highest of visible arts—an art demanding peculiar knowledge of other sciences than design and beautiful form. Of all those attendant sciences—geometry, statics, mathematics in general, and even of practical geology—Wren was not merely a proficient student, but a master in the highest sense.

In their recent eulogies of Wren nearly all the eminent architects and professors have dwelt specially upon the scientific and mathematical side of his genius. Sir Aston Webb in the "Times" is filled with natural admiration of the skill which designed eight piers able to support the weight of the 50,000 to 60,000 tons estimated in the dome of St. Paul's:—

"The distinguished engineers who are examining the structure," he writes, "are filled with admiration at the skill displayed in balancing this enormous weight high up in the air on eight tall legs or piers."

He continues, it is true, to say that "the exterior of St. Paul's has worthily won for itself a place as one of, if not *the*, most satisfying outline of any building in the world." But still, it is on the triumph of the scientific or engineering knowledge that he chiefly discourses. In the "Observer" Professor Lethaby quotes what the contemporary Dr. Robert Hooke wrote of Wren: "Since the time of Archimedes there scarce ever met in one man in so great a perfection such a mechanical hand and so philosophical a mind." And, speaking in his own person, he continues:—

"Wren, when he became a constructor of buildings, saw and said, as no other British architect has ever done, that the practical art of building, which is so much obscured by the well-sounding word 'architecture,' is first of all a structural and mechanical art. 'The design where there are arches must be regulated by the art of statics and the duty of poising of all parts to equi-ponderate.'"—(Quotation from Wren himself.)

And at the end of the admirable article, which includes praise of Wren's other works, Professor Lethaby gives us another quotation, for which we, with our detestation of mere ornament, are heartily grateful:—

"To some extent he liked sham Roman 'dressings'—but all the time he knew well that architecture proper was fit and masterly structure. 'It seems very unaccountable,' Wren wrote near the end of his life, 'that the generality of our architects dwell so much on the ornamental, and so slightly pass over the geometrical, which is the most essential part of architecture.'"

In the "Manchester Guardian" Professor A. E. Richardson has also a word to say on the question of ornament and the scientific skill:—

"Wren's earlier work is remarkable for its loquacity; these are the joyous expressions of the Restoration, the dimpled cherubs, and the Bacchanalian deserts of fruity ornament. In the later and matured phases he has become a grave architect, looking upon men and things with serious eyes, a scientist to the last, but one tempered with the philosophy of human affairs, pursuing abstract form as something divine and beyond the reach of ordinary attainment."

In the same paper Professor C. H. Reilly, unlike the other writers, dwells chiefly on that very point of

ornament, and the cheerful "baroque" tone of Wren's architecture. "Wren," he tells us, "even used his mathematical and scientific skill to further the same end," namely, the baroque; and he adds, "Like the Italian baroque architects, he had a frank disregard for mere structural parade as such." By the "baroque" he means, as he says, "the marriage of the picturesque and the classical ideals," and he continues:—

"His power of realizing the relation of geometrical forms to one another and of finding a unity in a complex problem, where others would only see a mass of conflicting elements, no doubt helped him in his work. . . . It must have helped him in that last and noblest conception of his, the collection of palaces now called Greenwich Hospital."

In the "Morning Post" Sir Edwin Lutyens also dwells upon the prominence of the mathematical side in Wren's genius. "Wren's mathematical training," he says, "gave him a sense of rhythm, consistent and reserved, which left nothing to chance—qualities, these, which are the very essence of Creative Art."

On the whole, then, we may take it that what strikes our architects and professors most in Wren's work is the power of assured and scientific structure, founded upon the abstract lines of geometry and statics. Such power is the great, indeed the essential, basis of all architecture. No one would dispute it. If you build a cathedral or a palace or a house, your first object must be to make it stand. Every child with a box of bricks knows that. It is a little unfortunate for the eulogists that St. Paul's showed signs of falling even during erection, and is showing ominous signs at the present time. But still, no one will dispute Wren's superb genius in construction, and the dignity he has given to the appearance of London, even as we know it now. His was a kind of architecture, in churches as well as in hospitals and colleges, exactly suited to the English nature of his time, and the nature of a great people hardly changes from age to age. As the Dean of St. Paul's said in his Commemoration sermon, the Renaissance architecture, which came to us later than to other countries, meant for England "rationality, completion, sober dignity; and these qualities in Wren's work appealed to his age—a sane and sensible age, without much poetry about it." With miraculous exceptions, that is a pretty fair description of the average Englishman still, and it is those qualities, we suppose, that will continue to endear all Wren's architecture to us and make us feel that the destruction of its smallest relic is sacrilege against beauty, whatever the Bishop of London may think.

But in Sir Edwin Lutyens' article there is a sentence that raises a different question—a different aspect of architecture. He writes, in eulogizing Wren's work: "The Tower and Dome were never used save to denote the presence of God in form of church or chapel." We should have thought the presence of God, as understood by nearly all Christian people, was almost the last thing denoted by Wren's architecture, or, indeed, by any classical or Renaissance building. We read that in his old age Wren himself wrote: "If I glory, it is in the singular mercy of God, who has enabled me to begin and finish my great work, so conformable to the ancient model." He had the highest right to glory, but the ancient model to which he conformed was not religious in the sense that early or recent believers understood when they spoke of God and religion. Wren's architecture expressed only such an ideal of religion as prevailed at the time of the Restoration, the Revolution, and the wits of Queen Anne's day. As Dr. Inge said, it was a sane and sensible age of rationality, completion, and sober dignity. In Little Stanmore her epitaph describes

some Countess as being "religious without enthusiasm"—a description, no doubt, intended for a hit at the turbid zeal of Wesleyans. But hers was a kind of religion which does not much appeal, we suppose, to the genuinely religious soul. We believe that the religious soul searching for the presence of God would turn away even from St. Paul's, and find the object of its desire rather in what Dr. Inge described as "the marvels of unknown builders in a barbarous age—the cathedrals of Western Europe, which were the natural and instinctively right expression of the people who valued them as the people of to-day value football and betting news."

As most Christians understand religion, we believe that the religious soul will find in those buildings of a barbarous age—such buildings as the "rotten relic," to use the Puritan name for the old St. Paul's Cathedral which Wren's genius supplanted—will find in them a depth of spiritual emotion and inspiration which the noblest Renaissance church can never suggest with all its abstract proportions, its geometric exactness of pier and dome and rounded arch, its puff-cheeked cherubs, and Bacchanalian dessert of fruity ornament. Sir Edwin Lutyens speaks of "the froth-expressed writings of Ruskin." We are not sure what the distinguished architect means in that and in other passages of his rather obscure article, though we quite agree that Ruskin and the things he most admired are a little out of fashion now. And yet, if we wished to feel the presence of God, we should perhaps turn from those towers and domes which Sir Edwin Lutyens tells us always denote it, and secretly resort to some structure of a barbarous age, such as that old cathedral in Amiens, of which Ruskin, we suppose "froth-expressed" as usual, wrote:—

"His (the architect's) object, as a designer, in common with all the sacred builders of the time in the North, was to admit as much light into the building as was consistent with the comfort of it; to make its structure intelligibly admirable, but not curious or confusing; and to enrich and enforce the understood structure with ornament sufficient for its beauty, yet yielding to no wanton enthusiasm in expenditure, nor insolent in giddy or selfish ostentation of skill; and, finally, to make the external sculpture of its walls and gates at once an alphabet and epitome of the religion, by the knowledge and inspiration of which an acceptable worship might be rendered, within those gates, to the Lord whose fear was in His Holy Temple, and whose seat was in Heaven."

### THE QUALITY OF RENAN.

It was the fate of French Catholicism in the nineteenth century to produce two thinkers from whom the Roman Church hoped perhaps more than from any other of its adherents. Lamennais set out as the protagonist of Ultramontane theory; he ended as the founder of a democratic and modernist tradition of which Loisy and Tyrrell have been the chief exponents in our time. Renan was the hope of the seminaries. He was expected to bring a superb historic equipment to the dissolution of German theological scholarship. But he ended as the author of a religious Pyrrhonism more corrosive in its subtle power than any other effort of the age. Both were brought up amidst that Celtic Church of Brittany, so different from the temper of Latin Christianity. They were the children, not of traditional pomp and dramatic splendor, as in the churches of Southern France, or of that singular intermingling of humanism and dogma it has been the effort of the Jesuits to produce, but of a Christianity which seemed to mingle a spirit of austere melancholy with the mystery of a Gothic Cathedral. When this temper had contact with an alien mood, it did not sur-



vive the novelty. It drove Lamennais in upon himself; it drove Renan back upon historical analysis. In neither case did Catholicism persist. Lamennais became the apostle of Communism; he hung, as de Vitrolles said, the red cap upon the Cross. Renan turned to Positivism, and his sceptical temper gave his work the touch of a sentimental Voltaire. He made what had been a problem for experts the possession of the cultivated world. He could have struck no more serious blow at the faith of his childhood.

It is, indeed, rather as a literary artist than as a historian that Renan will be remembered. Neither the history of the foundations of the Church nor his history of the Jewish people has the massive solidity in handling evidence which marked the work of Wellhausen and his English exponent, Robertson Smith. The "*Vie de Jésus*" marked an epoch, but it was only in the sense that every great literary essay marks an epoch. What was arresting in Renan was his amazing æsthetic power of recreating the past. It is an essay in the manner of Lamartine or Pierre Loti; it is not a contribution to science. The geography of Palestine is superbly painted in; the reader can see the blue skies of Galilee, the waving fields of corn, the pale gloom of the distant mountains. But the figures of the drama, the amiable carpenter with his bodyguard of tender-hearted souls, the beloved disciple who scans the earlier Gospels and writes his own vision to remind the future that he, and not Peter, was nearest to the heart of his Master—all this is a mediæval pastoral, with Renan as the producer. And producer he is at every stage of its progress. The lights, the orchestra, the chorus of simple rustic souls, the scene so finely painted that it reflects every light and shadow of the original atmosphere—all this with its note, at the end, of tragic mystery, is a play founded upon a figure half mystic peasant, half transcendental revolutionist, who could never have built a great religion. It is a Watteau idyll, not a work of history; and the philosophy it depicts seems to come rather from Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld than from the Gospels themselves.

It is the work of a supreme artist, but it is not the work of a great historian. There is a moral insincerity in building the portrait from a Gospel the authenticity of which is rejected. It does not explain the development of the thought of Jesus, and its emphasis upon an eschatological interpretation never receives serious analysis. Again and again the dramatic instinct triumphs, so that Renan pronounces a funeral oration over Christ which might well have been a discourse upon the work of an Academician who has been laid to rest in the Pantheon. Yet the whole of Renan's theological work has a magical air. There is no style in the nineteenth century more pure, more effortless, or more exquisite. Its figures live; and if they are not the persons of an actual drama, they are a brilliant imaginative cycle. There are, indeed, a certain perfumed sentiment, a love of effective contrast, a search for the pale wanness as of the wax ecclesiastical figures that are bought in the shops near Saint Sulpice, which become, at times, almost offensive. But the attractiveness outweighs all; and certain parts, like the essay on the sources with which the book begins, will live as long as theological scholarship itself.

Yet the man Renan transcends the defects of his scholarship. The author of the "*Vie de Jésus*" was also the author of the "*Avenir de la Science*"; and there are few professions of nineteenth-century faith which better deserve recovery from the oblivion into which they have fallen. For the book reminds us that if Renan was the countryman of the romantic Michelet, he was also the descendant of the realist Voltaire. No volume in

modern literature proclaims more nobly its faith in the powers of reason; no analysis of the supernatural as an explanation of phenomena is more destructive of its foundations. It is a claim on behalf of science that it demands for itself the whole field of human experience. It is an insistence that there is no domain of the mind which will not submit to the working of law. History, philosophy, religion, become, like physics, chemistry, and astronomy, sciences that will yield their experience to effort if the method of attack be separated from the heat of passionate conflict. That does not mean that it is void of emotion; it means only, as the exquisite essay—perhaps the most perfect thing he wrote—on Lamennais bears witness, that emotion is a fact like any other which scientific analysis will explain.

That, at bottom, is the secret of the eternal quality in the historical work of Renan. The portraits—David, Paul, Nero, Marcus Aurelius—are the portraits of living men. They may not, in the case of David and Paul, be accurate delineations of their originals, but they have the form and substance of humanity. It is there, at least, given magistral demonstration that the accumulation of evidence enables us to grasp the secret of historic change. The years of labor upon Semitic inscriptions bear fruit in the rediscovery of the Semitic spirit. Here, as elsewhere, the great artist and the great scientist are one; and their unity of spirit means that the life of the race is not without its lesson for us. For Renan the historian is Renan the moralist; and the lesson is the insistence that the rebel of Nature may, if he utilize his powers, enter into the possession of his kingdom.

He is, moreover, a great humanist; and we shall miss no small part of his secret if we do not grasp his love of his kind. He may think, in the sombre days after Sedan, that the science he venerated is always the special possession of a chosen aristocracy, and that politics is a science like any other. He may be sceptical, like Taine at the same period, of democratic notions. He may urge that government is a problem of scientific organization which needs its corps of specialists if the laws of its being are to be discovered. Certainly, the government of his day appeared to Renan an anarchic mass clothing itself beneath the forms of order. What he wanted was the introduction of wholesale thinking into the plan of the world; and it was not unnatural that one who had been trained for the priesthood should have urged that order is born of a hierarchy, and that government, like religion, if it is to have stability, must be built on aristocratic foundations. Nor did he think that the mass of men could throw off the instincts of the brute and enter into possession of the universe. The life of thought for him, as for Plato, was the chosen possession of a few. And he had no light contempt for the politicians of the multitude. How should he not, who had suffered deeply in his own career from their zeal for popular prejudice and ignorance? He asked to be judged by his intellectual compeers; and he was dishonored and maligned by men to whom he was merely a vaulting-horse for their ambition.

All that he did, moreover, is permeated by three great lessons which our own generation has still to learn. There is the emphatic insistence that the greatness of a State consists in its cultural heritage, and that the fullness of a man's life consists in the measure in which he possesses it. The real message of the "*Avenir de la Science*" is the need to educate the democracy. Men who can grasp the ambit of the human mind are men who can enrich it. To go through life without awareness of its power and its achievement is to remain stunted and narrow. There is, too, the actual method of his work. Therein, one may urge with justice, he

came, like Darwin, as a relief to the human spirit. For he took a vast and complex subject and made it not merely intelligible, but also precious, to the man who without expert knowledge desired to be informed. He showed that it was possible for science to communicate its secrets to the multitude with increase rather than loss to its dignity. All that he wrote, moreover, was instinct with a generous tolerance. He was patient of opinions he did not share. He was kind to the weaknesses of simple men; and if he destroyed beliefs long cherished it was always with pity and with gentleness. There is nothing in his writings of the acrid temper which defaces the kindred work of Strauss; and his was the more difficult task, for the tradition he assaulted had roots far deeper in France than in Germany. Nor can it be doubted that such sweetness of temper was invaluable in its service to the cause of free thought.

The man himself grows ever more attractive with the lapse of years. At this distance, and in historic perspective, the break with his Church seems even more courageous than it did then. Lamennais, Tyrrell, Döllinger, had, after all, a host of eager disciples to defend and explain their motives; Renan stood alone, without recorded achievement behind him. There is the long tale of the great teacher, the crowded lecture, the unflinching courtesy to students, the unending patience with their difficulties, the talk which never failed for wit or suggestiveness. And there is, above all, the unending labor to know. The reader who catches the magic of his pages must see there not the sudden and effortless inspiration of the moment, but the long years of ceaseless toil, the grim, slow hours of self-examination, the arduous measuring of text and counter-text. There were few aspects of the human mind he did not seek to understand; and whatever he touched he was certain to illuminate by his intelligence. There have been scholars, like Gibbon, whose work has the certainty of a longer endurance. There are writers, like Thucydides, whose effort occupies a prior place in the edifice of political wisdom. There are historians, like Wellhausen, whose originality was greater and critical insight more profound. But there has been no historian, at least in the modern period, whose own work conveys so exquisitely or so wholly that attitude he himself ascribed to the great Pagan emperor, of "a sweet affection, a mingling of tolerance, of pity, and of hope" for all mankind. Renan, of a certainty, would have desired no nobler epitaph.

H. J. L.

### THE INVASION OF OUR ROAD,

THE dismal trickle of inter-sexual tragedy, which has jarred the nerves of London ever since the close of the war, is one of the tiresome penalties we have had to pay for peace. It almost seems as if the post-war Fates were competing with the Grand Guignol. But whereas play-houses have to pay for their advertisements, and every alleged amusement has to bear a tax, this sordid programme in real life gets lavish advertisement for nothing. That is why some of us think that the papers which glut the public with this kind of ghouliah entertainment, page after page and day after day, ought to know better, as the phrase goes. Why not offer us exemption in their boasted insurance schemes?

Nor are the Fates merely arbitrary and vicious in this matter: they are careless, with a callousness that adds a new horror to crime. Sometimes they drop a bomb of tragedy in the least likely quarter. Sleepy Hollows on the margin of the metropolis cannot hope to

escape, of course, from a visitation that comes to the just and the unjust alike. What we all murmur against with reason is that a crime a hundred miles away should splash the "red ink of melodrama" where it makes the maximum display against the grey life of a quiet suburb.

It falls to the undersigned to live in a road of no importance—a row of twenty creeper-tangled villas which have a score of replicas as their *vis-à-vis*. If it turned upon its axis and changed ends, nobody would notice except the telephone staffs. A census would show a third of these villas to be tenanted by elderly people of the "tired and retired" order. The rest contain hard-worked professional men who have sought the adjacent common as a kind of shock-absorber for the routine roar of London. In short, the main quality of our road is tranquillity, and it has no other virtue, so far as I have discovered in a ten-years' residence.

It would need a Galsworthy or an Alphonse Karr to weave a pattern of interest into the commonplace texture of this patch of semi-rurality on the edge of town. From the clangor of the milkman at dawn to the midnight flicker of the policeman's "glim," day follows day with placid iteration. There is the seasons' difference, of course, and the precession of the civic equinoxes in the shape of rate and tax. Sometimes the physician from the next road up the hill is watched through the curtains for his forenoon call until the "case" is over. Now and then there is a sombre sequel of hearse and flowers, and for an hour or two all window-blinds are drawn. But for the rest, Our Road might be called "Nirvana, S.W.," and say as Mr. Pecksniff seemed to do—"a holy calm pervades me."

Months ago Modernity arrived. It began with paragraphic vagueness in the evening papers under a banner of headlines, and we droned away as usual, unconscious that anything so far away affected us. Then links were established—owing to "the praiseworthy assiduity" of the police—and Our Road was in for it. We began to find that the quiet we had courted and half-despised was gone, perhaps for ever. Like most unnoticed things, it showed skirts of gold, for it was never so precious as when it had departed.

One of our gentler neighbors had been beguiled across country, and paid a hideous penalty. Here and there a reactionary gossip accepted the facts with a comment of sarcasm on the modern habit of being "venturesome" and rushing into peril. But this view flourished as a rule in quarters that were ill-favored and well-endowed, and practical folk with a knowledge of the world dismissed it as inadequate. The few who knew the victim had no need to be assured that here was a delicate creature done to death without a shadow of reason or excuse. It was murder, black and wanton, and there was no remedy.

The more the forces of law seemed to fail, the more it was incumbent on the bantam Press to exhibit its concern. It set about the hideous game of hue and cry. It scolded and flogged type and paper to its perverted heart's content. It recapitulated the well-known details with accumulative emphasis in tones that were several lines above the stave. It harped on stale irrelevancies until it made even pathos seem vulgar. When gravelled for lack of circumstance, it developed wild-cat theories, and these were broadcast in profusion with each edition.

The sleuth-hounds of unofficial investigation made Our Road their daily quarry. They brandished notebooks of the roll-top sort, and stalked the luckless house from every angle. They ogled housemaids and pestered nurses throughout an area of ridiculous extent. They searched the local library for previous tragedies, and ransacked the files of the local organ for mention of a surname which had now become imprinted on the universal mind. They scoured the local directory, and



woe betide any house or shop where that surname reigned! The one mercy was that the motor in the case belonged a hundred miles away, or all garages and cars in a radius of miles would have been overhauled in the search for every circumstance that could be dubbed a "clue."

Crime-rehearsal for the film is bad enough, but this nightmare cult of Sherlock Holmes for print was infinitely worse. The photo brigade snapped at everything and everybody. The notebook catechists, finding doors closed against them all day long, began to bombard us after dark. At one in the morning I was rapped up, and was able to deny any knowledge of the family concerned, or even a nodding acquaintance. I asked, with pardonable irony, why pertinacity stopped short of inquiring at "the house" itself, and was told with bewilderment and indignation that it had knocked and knocked till it was tired. Thereupon it had determined, with a perseverance worthy of a better crime, to tackle every house in the road that showed a light. This was a "clue" indeed. I closed the door, and vowed that so long as this plague lasted the front rooms of our house should remain unlit. It was Ireland and curfew with a vengeance.

Mercifully, another crime cropped up elsewhere to relieve the strain, and we were callous enough to rejoice that somebody else was "having it." But every touch of ingenuity on the part of the coroner or the real detectives brought the sham ones back again, and it was not until the delinquent was found and hanged that peace revisited our suffering suburb. But Our Road will never be the same again, for hooligans bound for the common come out of their way to stare at "the house" and shout its unsought notoriety in tones that almost make it infamy.

Will it be believed that, with this horde of lynxes prowling round by day and hyænas sniffing in their tracks by night, there were three facts at least which escaped them? These had no bearing on the crime, but deepened the sadness of it all beyond imagination. There was not one of those enterprising organs but would have made a shrill and skimpy column of each fact at least. As for certain Sunday papers, they would have gone to the length of broadsheet screeds of frantic incoherence if they had only known. But those facts were withheld by all the neighbors, possibly out of pity for the victims, but certainly through indignation with the process. Nor was this decent reticence a conscious virtue. It was mere revenge.

J. P. COLLINS.

## Letters to the Editor.

### SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT AND THE SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS.

SIR,—Sir Almroth Wright has started a new and very important subject. I am therefore able to pursue it without appearing to cross-examine my own client. He says that the proper place for the publication of his discoveries and inferences is "the scientific journals," implying that *THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM* is not a scientific journal.

What is a scientific journal? Is it a wodge of advertisements of every pill, potion, appliance, instrument, and utensil that can be used in the bedroom of an invalid, with a few medical lectures in the middle to help the sales? Clearly not: that is a trade paper; and the medical contributors to such papers have, ere now, deigned to supply testimonials of wholesomeness to brands of whiskey, to the atmosphere in the old underground railway before it was electrified, and apparently to anything whose proprietors were willing to pay fees for scientific analyses provided the result were reassuring to the consumer.

Ruling out these flourishing commercial speculations, what is left in the way of technical journals? There is *Science Progress*, which I take in piously because Sir Ronald Ross is as entertaining a heretic as Sir Almroth Wright. There is *Biometrika*, of which I can understand about one page out of every thousand. It is safe in the hands of Professor Karl Pearson, whose views of Sir Almroth's excommunication of statistics would be interesting. But publication in highly technical quarterlies is a contradiction in terms, because they do not reach the public; and if Sir Almroth resorts to them, I shall still have to act as his megaphone and sow what he calls the tares of my extremely frank remarks about the General Medical Council and general medical practice among the wheat of his bacteriological discoveries. As a matter of fact, Sir Almroth does not contribute to these quarterlies, and does perforce contribute to the trade papers. Result: in the multitude of Jenner-Pasteur celebrations by speeches and articles this year, his name, as far as I could follow them, was not mentioned once. This ignorance is deplorable; but can we blame it?

Why in the name of common sense does not Sir Almroth contribute to the *Times Supplements*, *THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM*, *The Spectator*, *The New Statesman*, *The Saturday Review*, and the rest of the serious weeklies? Dean Inge gives himself no airs of condescension when he contributes the weekly sermon which makes all serious people buy *The Evening Standard* every Thursday. Mathematicians, philosophers, physicists, biologists, sociologists, economists, historians, poets communicate directly with the public through the general Press without reserve. Why is it that Sir Almroth Wright, because he is on the register of a profession practising an art (not a science) which is clotted with tribal superstitions, is forced to plead that the Press which is scientific enough for all the classical sciences is not scientific enough for medical science? Why is it that Dr. Saleeby has actually had to remove his name from that register to secure his freedom to tell his fellow citizens that sunshine is better than poultices? Just because their Trade Union could and would strike them off the register for "advertising" if they said a word to the laity that would discredit the obsolete methods and notions of the elderly *Vehmgericht* at whose mercy their livelihoods and good names lie.

Sir Almroth Wright cannot say these things: his loyalty to his professional colleagues forbids him. Fortunately for the public I can, and do. My sense of responsibility, not being limited to any profession, obliges me to do so; and I shall go ahead until the Government purges the General Medical Council of its Trade Unionist doctors and makes it representative of contemporary science and of the consumer, or patient-public, putting the doctors in their proper places as assessors only. Then it will at last be safe for Sir Almroth to explain his work to the public instead of having to depend on me. It is true that I seem to have done it faithfully enough; for nobody has ventured to demur to a single item in my statement of it; but Sir Almroth can handle a pen as well as I can; and there is a certain quality in first-hand description that no reporter can attain, as everyone could see for himself if Sir Almroth's monographs were within everyone's reach. And if in a transport of sentimentality he wished to express "reverence for the work of Pasteur, and gratitude for that of Jenner and Lister" (emotions to which Science is stonily insensible), how much better he would do it than the gentlemen who hurl selected statistics at me, and declare that the successes of the new Wright and Carrel methods in wound surgery have convinced them that the discarded and disastrous methods of fifty years ago must have been perfect and immortal!

But there is not much vogue for reverence and gratitude in science. Copernicus and Galileo were grossly ungrateful to Ptolemy; and Einstein's irreverence for Newton has lacerated many sensibilities; so poor old Jenner must take his turn, and Pasteur be reviled for a second-rate sciolist by young lions trained by Sir Almroth himself. Even I, who have conferred benefits on the world less questionable than inoculating three generations of infants with cow syphilis, have my infallibility challenged quite often, and most disrespectfully. *C'est comme cela que la Science marche.*—Yours, &c.,  
G. BERNARD SHAW.

## SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT AND HIS WORK.

SIR,—Sir Almroth Wright has spoken, and, from a purely professional point of view, has spoken effectively. To the interested but non-professional onlooker, however, his letter is chiefly valuable as an indication of the widening breach between our professors of medicine and the general public. It would be difficult to organize an opposition to the claims of Wren as an architect, to Stephenson as an engineer, or to Newton as a scientist; but Mr. Shaw is only voicing the opinions of thousands of normally intelligent people when he questions the value of Jenner, Lister, and Pasteur. There may be a satisfactory explanation of this exclusive treatment of the heroes of medical science, but it will not be discovered in scientific journals, nor by men who are content with slighting references to the gullibility of a public whose ultimate judgment is to be relied upon in other and more genuine departments of science.—Yours, &c.,

F. E. Cox.

## SHAW ON JENNER.

SIR,—Mr. James J. Page repeats in your columns the erroneous criticism he offered in "Truth," my reply to which has been published therein.

He ignores the point which Mr. Bernard Shaw and I made, to the effect that "a gigantic scare" had been worked up over the Poplar outbreak of smallpox, and he disingenuously calls attention to other cases which have occurred in London and the provinces which were not concerned at all in the "scare."

It is only necessary for me to repeat my statement quoted by Mr. Page in reference to scattered outbreaks in various parts of England, that "whenever smallpox comes, it is promptly and easily dealt with, and fails to spread beyond a limited time and area." This is an indisputable fact which Mr. Page's observations leave untouched.

I have already shown that the conclusions drawn by the Ministry of Health as regards compulsory revaccination in Germany are not true. Relying solely upon assertions made in a misleading pamphlet issued by that Department, Mr. Page charges me with "a misstatement of facts." My statement is absolutely correct in every particular. The Compulsory Vaccination and Revaccination Acts of Prussia were passed in 1834 for the Army and in 1835 for the Civil population—the most tyrannical vaccination regulations ever framed by a civilized State—and at the end of thirty-five years of this despotism, Prussia was overwhelmed by the greatest scourge of smallpox on record. That the conditions of that Act were fully carried out is proved by the fact that the 124,948 victims in Prussia alone were, with few exceptions, found to be vaccinated. The bulk of the sufferers were among the male population, and as every healthy male had to serve his time in the Army and was vaccinated over and over again, it will take a lot of Mr. Page's sarcasm to get rid of the fact that the more vaccinated half of the kingdom suffered the worse.

It is not to the credit of the Ministry of Health to try to wipe out the tragedy of 1871-2 by claiming that the Act of 1874—which simply signified the transference of the Vaccination Laws of the Prussian Kingdom to the German Empire—was the commencement of revaccination law in that country, and that from that date smallpox declined. The absurdity of the claim is proved by the fact that the epidemic had died out and smallpox had practically disappeared before the 1874 Act came into operation. Thus, in 1872 there were to every 100,000 of the population 262 smallpox cases; in 1873 only 35; in 1874 the number had dropped to 9; and it was not till then that the Act was passed.

Incidentally, it has been officially demonstrated that Mr. J. A. Gillison, whose letter appeared in your columns on February 10th, wrote his question "Why has no single case of smallpox been reported in the German Army since 1874—the year in which compulsory revaccination was introduced?" under an entire misapprehension.

I should like to say, in reply to Mr. W. Black Jones, that the Minority Report to which he refers merely contends that whilst cowpox is actively running its course in the system—a period of quite short duration—there "may be" a certain immunity to smallpox, inasmuch as it is seldom that two distinct conditions of disease affect the system at the same time. But I have, personally, so frequently seen the eruptions of cowpox and smallpox maturing side by side without

the one affecting the other in the least degree, that I have lost faith even in that brief possibility.

I agree with Mr. Jones that in modern surgery wounds heal rapidly, but—not as the result of "Listerism." The theory of Lister consisted in the destruction of germs by antiseptics; he discovered that he could not destroy the germs without killing his patient. "Listerism" or antisepticism has been given up, and the entirely opposite method—that of asepticism, or thorough cleanliness—by which Lawson Tait, Granville Bantock, and Savory gained their triumphs, is now the recognized ideal.

Some of the worst septic wounds encountered during the late war were cured by simple exposure to the open air. The Carrel-Dakin system is merely mechanical flushing; I have known the best results as rapidly secured by using plain warm water.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D.

Gloucester.

SIR,—“When you have a bad case, abuse plaintiff's attorney.” Mr. Harry Roberts complains on February 17th of the presentation of my views “by professional journalists”; maybe he is unable to controvert those views by a single argument. What are the facts? The last ‘flu epidemic in Great Britain cost us over 150,000 lives, not from any fault on the part of the able doctors who did their best to save these unfortunate people, but from direct lack of the science of curative medicine in their studies. The medical colleges still teach the giving of a drug for the name of a disease, and, in this particular ‘flu instance, reliance on ammoniated tincture of quinine was the fallacy to which the deaths were due. The text-books say: “No drug has yet been found to cure this disease,” proving the continuing search for the non-existent in the shape of a curative drug for a disease as such—the modern medical philosopher's stone.

Now professional journalists also are liable to ‘flu, and some of them died of it; those who remain are not anxious to shuffle off their mortal coil in the next epidemic; and, having learnt that their only hope lies in a change in doctors' studies, they naturally seek to bring this about by arousing public opinion. Are they to blame for this? or is Mr. Harry Roberts the guilty party, for desiring to suppress the facts? But, to leave acute or passing disease—that is, such as goes away of itself (for many other patients in that ‘flu epidemic recovered, in spite of the treatment)—let us confine ourselves to the true touchstone of medical knowledge—chronic states and tendencies.

Incidentally, the word “chronic” is still used by doctors as synonymous with “incurable.” We are told there are a million “chronics” in Great Britain to-day, all incurable to the present medical studies. Is nothing to be done for them? Hygiene does not touch their case; and I should be greatly culpable if, holding the remedy, I failed to make it public, through professional journalists or otherwise.—Yours, &c.,

RAPHAEL ROCHE.

Chelsea.

SIR,—The Secretary of the Anti-Vaccination League puts forth a riddle. By comparing with the present the very exceptional decade 1871-80, she contrives to show that vaccination is not responsible for any reduction in the mortality from smallpox among children under five years of age. 1871 is disfigured by over 23,000 deaths from smallpox; 1872 marks the appointment of public vaccinators.\* The Registrar-General had apparently come across this same species of statistical legerdemain, but Miss Loat has invoked his aid. Let him tell us what inferences he draws from the figures Miss Loat has used. In his review of this decennium, 1871-80, we read the following:—

“The question of vaccination and its results was discussed at length in the Forty-Third Annual Report for 1880, and it was shown that, when the statistics of smallpox are given, not by artificial periods such as decennia, but by natural periods, that is to say, by periods that coincide with the successive improvements in the Vaccination Acts, there has been a gradual and notable decline in the mortality from this disease. It was further shown that this decline has been entirely due to diminished mortality of children, and especially of children under five years of age.”

I leave Miss Loat to the Registrar-General.

\* Supplement to 45th Annual Report of the Registrar-General, pp. xi and xii. (Italics are mine.)



Mr. Shaw's one baby a week killed by vaccination is hardly worth resurrecting in the discussion. His statement is substantially correct if we limit our view entirely to fifteen years of our history in the past, but lest any should have been misled into thinking that this figure provides an index to the risk from vaccination in the present, let me state at once that the Registrar-General shows an average total of exactly four deaths per annum (persons, not only babies) from vaccination during the decade 1911-20, during which it is estimated seven million adults were vaccinated as a war measure, in addition to the infants. "What About Vaccination?" published by the Anti-Vaccination League, shows an average of exactly fourteen deaths from Vaccination for the same decade. I can offer no explanation.

Mr. Shaw's confident imputation of cowardice and cringing dishonesty to all German army medical men, without exception, may inspire a leader in the "Daily Mail," but can safely be left to the judgment of your readers.

During the last two years I have used vaccines from Sir Almroth Wright's laboratory in 500 cases, but I am not surprised to find that one who despises Pasteur as "only an observer" should recommend me *only* to read up the subject "in the latest up-to-date encyclopædia"—evidently the Shavian way.

In return, may I venture to suggest a course of reading to Mr. Shaw? Pasteur—so generous with rivals, so inexorable in self-criticism, so patient in his search for truth—is given to us in René Valléry Radot's "Life," which if Mr. Shaw reads and is not humbled, he will be forfeit of any title to greatness or even to respect.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. GILLISON.

#### THE ECONOMIC CLIMATE OF THE RIVIERA.

SIR,—The loss of the rich German, Austrian, and Russian visitor to this coast has not yet been replaced, and does not seem likely soon to be more than replaced out of the considerable increase made in the very rich English class (as the Income-Tax figures show) by war-profiteering. The French demand, I should surmise, holds its own—probably more—but confirmatory statistics are not available to me.

The total English influx appears to me to be prodigiously increased (the railway traffics prove this) and is doubtless increasing, for not only is the total *rentier* class much larger since the war, but a holiday here is, even for the New Poor, almost as cheap as, and comparatively certainly cheaper than, it was before the war—much cheaper than Swiss winter-sport.

The hotels are doing better this year than last, and the class of visitor of which "Wayfarer" speaks as predominant and increasing, in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for February 17th, is outrunning the accommodation at present prices. The charabanc traffic passing here increases daily. The future of these resorts lies obviously with that woolly, well-nourished, high-complexioned crowd whose uniform ubiquity "Wayfarer" has encountered.

The backwash of the war is being now more severely felt by the peasants, who have skinned the coastal hills of their olives, and scarified them with staring terraces to grow roses, blobby carnations, and sickly colored stocks. Their market, outside of France and England and the local lounge-towns, is dead. Notwithstanding the factitious idiocy of the desperately multiplied and reiterated "Battles of Flowers," organized in all these resorts for the purpose of getting away with this unhappy garden-truck, the wholesale defilement and massacre (for the supposed delectation of our compatriots) of delicate tissues which it has been wholly forgotten were ever even supposed to be beautiful, have not availed to prevent the literal decimation of prices in Ventimiglia market within the last few months. The recent fall of the franc, which governs this market, as a result of the French Ruhr campaign, has discounted the fillip of the resolutely artificialized Carnival season. The Ligurian Saracen draws the moral with startling promptness and crudity. "Things will be better," said a packer at Latte yesterday, "things will be better when the Germans have beaten the French." And Signor Mussolini has, I think, now just seven days left of the period within which he promised to bring back the lira (now at ninety-six to the £) to par. Not Ligurian Saracens only are meditating on this.—Yours, &c.,

Mortola.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

February 21st, 1923.

#### SIR HUGH LANE'S FRENCH PICTURES.

SIR,—The correspondence on the subject of Sir Hugh Lane's French pictures seems to have developed into an exchange of personalities between Mr. Ervine and myself, and, as such, can hardly be of interest to your readers. I began it; I beg your pardon.

I trust that Mr. Ervine will supply your readers with his authority for stating that Sir Hugh Lane was urged by his nearest friends and relatives to perform the small legal ceremony which would have made the codicil indisputable. It is the first time I have heard that, prior to his death, the existence of the codicil was known to anyone except Sir Hugh Lane himself.

The argument that we should be denied what is our right lest we should make a bad use of it is an argument very familiar to us in Ireland; its sanctimoniousness ceased, years ago, to impress us.

As to Mr. Ervine's "ignorance"—when he speaks of your other correspondent, S. C. Harrison, as "Mr." he supplies you with sad, sad proof of the justness of my accusation. Before he writes further about Southern Ireland I implore him, in the words of the old song, to "come back to Erin."—Yours, &c.,

LENNOX ROBINSON.

#### THE RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY.

SIR,—For fifteen years the Research Defence Society has been busy undoing the harm that is done by writers and speakers who are "without adequate study, without sense of responsibility, without equipment of intellectual morality, and without reverence for the work of Pasteur, and gratitude for that of Jenner and Lister." In the course of this business, the Society has published books, essays, and leaflets in great abundance. Readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM may be glad to have some of these publications: I hope also that they who do not already belong to the Society may be willing to join it. The Secretary, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.1, will gladly send publications to anybody who will write for them. All questions will be carefully answered.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S.

Limpfield, Surrey.

### Poetry.

#### FÊTE GALANTE.

AUBADES awake the crownless Queen of France,  
Whose nymphs and swains, in gallant guise attending,  
From rose-entangled arches now advance  
To greet her face through May-Day beams descending.  
Flung garlands, outward curving, fall to mark  
Her petal-flattered progress down the park,  
Where trim bird-choristers in flights deploy  
With festive twitterings of Arcadian joy.

Unfolding vistas, vale and glinting spire  
With ample distance liberate, and with art  
Of arborescent foreground captivate desire  
That wantons in the hey-day of her heart.

Toward the swan-sentinelled lustre of the lake  
With ushering silks proceeds her ribboned rout.  
To Cytherea! . . . Obsequious echoes wake;  
And the plump roebuck hears the sylvan shout.  
The Queen sets out for Cytherea. . . . How gladly  
Her music takes the water, charms the breeze,  
And fades between proud woodlands! . . . Watteau  
sees

Autumnal ruin tarnishing the scene;  
Sighs; and begins his masterpiece half-sadly,  
Painting *The Embarkation of the Queen*.

SARA BANDE.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

WHILE some politicians and publicists are talking gloomily of Continental combinations against Great Britain, or, on the other hand, of a Russo-German alliance, the Stock Markets continue to concentrate on more hopeful points in the outlook, especially the growth of Anglo-American harmony and the prospects of peace in the Near East. Business in stocks and shares has not been remarkably great, but the tone remains firm. Gilt-edged stocks are holding their ground very well, and some industrial sections are encouraged by the issue of good company results. Attention is being paid to the unexpectedly good showing of the revenue returns, particularly the yield of the Income Tax, and hopes of a Budget surplus are growing. There is, however, no ground for a proportionate rise in hopes of substantial tax alleviation in the next Budget. For it has to be remembered that next year the yield from some sources, particularly Income Tax, will necessarily fall, while last year's tax remissions will cost more next year than this. Budget optimists, too, are inclined to overlook the need for steady debt reduction. No disturbing element has been contributed this week by the exchanges, which remain comparatively steady, and the German Government's efforts at mark stabilization are watched with interest, if without conviction.

### AUSTRIAN TREASURY BILLS.

A promising event of the week has been the excellent reception accorded to the issue in London of £1,800,000 Austrian Twelve-month Treasury Bills at £93 per cent. This was part of an issue of £3,500,000, the remainder being issued simultaneously, and also, I believe, successfully, in Holland, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. The bills are guaranteed as to 24½ per cent. each by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium guaranteeing the odd 2 per cent. This bill issue is for the purpose of tiding Austria over until the long-term loan of £27 millions, promised by the League of Nations Council, can be floated. Readers of this page will be aware of the circumstance that in return for the promise of external financial assistance Austria is engaged in an arduous and determined struggle to retrieve her financial and economic position from chaos. The great, unexpectedly great, interest taken in the City this week in the Treasury Bill issue, is a very good omen for the success of the long-term loan, which may perhaps be floated in the summer. The successful carrying through of this operation and the new hope that it will give to Austria will enhance the prestige of the League both in the chancelleries and the markets of Europe, and will strengthen the belief that the League in future may successfully solve even more grave economic problems that may be handed over to it by baffled statesmen.

### STOCK EXCHANGE PROBLEMS.

In the absence of anything unusually exciting in the movements of securities, the Stock Exchange is devoting a good deal of thought to certain domestic problems. After much controversy the rule compelling the marking of every transaction of over £100 has been abrogated. The rule was certainly honored as much in the breach as in the observance, and there is force in the argument that a rule that is not kept may as well be removed. Further, it is believed by some people that under the voluntary system as many bargains will be marked as under the quasi-compulsory system. That remains to be seen. Certainly the public which deal in stocks and shares want to see a faithful record of the prices at which business is done; and it is not wholly satisfying to them to be told that the old record only told half the story. The new system may, for all we know, tell less than half. To the ordinary layman it seems strange that the London Stock Exchange should not be able to adopt a system of quick and faithful marking, such as the American Stock Exchanges have perfected. It is not perhaps so necessary here as in America. But the Stock Exchange

Committee might do well to think over it. No very complicated or extensive organization is needed, and even in England sections of the investing public really do want to be able to know any day and any hour just where prices are.

The other Stock Exchange problem that has raised its head again is the time-honored question of the sharing of commissions with banks on business coming to brokers from the former. There is much to be said for the Stock Exchange complaints. A firm, let us say, collects from a bank its day's business on behalf of the bank's clients. It may consist chiefly of some hundreds of small orders. These entail a great deal of work, and when the commission has been shared with the bank no profit at all is left. On the other hand, the Stock Exchange knows that, if they think themselves unfairly treated, the banks may set up a clearing-house of their own, which might, in time, make a big drain on House business. Thus a deadlock exists. The hope that a new conference might provide a solution (in spite of past failures) rests on the fact that, contrary to the belief of some brokers, the bankers have no wish to set up their own organization, though in certain circumstances they would probably do so, unwillingly.

### ARGENTINE TRAFFICS AND PRICES.

The gross traffic results of the four big Argentine railways for 34 weeks since June 30th last show very large increases on last year, and the two companies which publish net receipts show excellent advances in their figures. These traffic results go far to justify the formidable rise in the prices of ordinary stocks, which are shown in the following table, together with the latest traffic figures:—

Name of Line.	Gross & Net Receipts, 34 weeks of 1922-23.		Prices of Ord. Stocks, Rise Low. Feb. from est. 28. Low. 1922. 1923. est.		
	£	\$			
Buenos Ayres & Pacific	Gross 5,180,000 +	770,000	35	86½	51½
Buenos Ayres Great Southern	Gross 6,087,000 +	764,000	55½	89	33½
	Net 2,240,000 +	1,144,000			
Buenos Ayres Western	Gross 2,962,000 +	356,000	51½	85	33½
	Net 1,010,000 +	638,000			
Central Argentine	Gross 6,702,000 +	725,000	50½	77	26½

At an extraordinary meeting of the Great Southern last week the Chairman announced the intention of the Board to declare an interim dividend of 3 per cent., and spoke favorably of the traffic returns and the outlook. On the same day, at an extraordinary meeting of the B. A. & Pacific, Lord St. Davids was notably optimistic, and expressed the opinion that "good traffics were likely to go on for a long time ahead." The object of the two extraordinary meetings just referred to was to authorize the transference of the Bahia Blanca & North-Western from the B. A. & Pacific to the B. A. Great Southern—a deal made on terms satisfactory to both sets of stockholders. When the annual reports of these railways were issued last autumn, it was stated here that prospects were bright. The intervening period has seen good progress in Argentina, and hopes are by no means being belied. Like our Home Railways, the great Argentine lines appear to have recovered a remunerative basis.

### POINTS OF THE WEEK.

To-day there takes effect the change of the title of the London County Westminster & Parr's Bank to the simpler style, "The Westminster Bank Ltd." I see there are some writers who lament, on sentimental grounds, the dropping of the old name. But I share the much more general feeling of relief at this simplification of title, and hope that the example set by Dr. Leaf and his fellow-directors will be followed by other institutions with cumbersome titles.

In spite of the difficulties of the past year London Stores have enjoyed prosperity. I discussed Selfridge's favorable results in a recent issue. Now Harrod's come out with an increase of over £283,000 in net profits, and an increase in the rate of ordinary dividend from 5 per cent. to 8 per cent. Whiteley's, in respect of last year, pay 20 per cent. against 14 per cent.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM



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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1923.

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## The World of Books.

THE phenomenon has even got into the guide-books, remarkable for ignoring practically everything that at once strikes the traveller with half an eye. But these odd publications have noticed that all along the south-west coast, in Hampshire, Dorset, and Devon, there are little pockets of a very dark, slim, swarthy people with piercing eyes. To explain them the guide-books universally trot out their spavined fiction of a wrecked Armada galleon, and the happy tourist passes on to the "modern, large, and handsome church."

\* \* \*

HERE am I among just such a folk upon the East Devon coast, and I love to think that they are an authentic relic of the ancient Damnonian people (whom the Irish named the Fir-Bolga), who traded gold and copper with Phœnicians from Carthage, or the Easterners with Babylonian and Egyptian blood in their veins who were ousted from Spain by a bronze-using people. Or they may be the very countrymen of Tutankhamen two or three times removed; for we know that these Easterners, when driven out of Spain, not only founded Etruria, but settled along our western shores, the gold-producing district of that remote age. But they may be even older than that, the descendants of those proto-Iberians who crossed the Channel land-bridge at the close of the fourth glaciation and broke up the Magdalenian civilization of the Crê-Magnons thousands of years before the age of polished flints began. Drying their nets on the shingly beach, Azilians from Somaliland twenty thousand years ago! Respectable antiquities, indeed, though mere sucklings beside the raven preaching his hoarse commination from the Castle Rock or the wren voicing his bright lyric from the bramble in the cliff. Nor are my Azilians, to whom the Neolithic agricultural peoples were moderns, quite such airy fancies as you would suppose. For I can hide behind the broad back of Mr. Donald Mackenzie, whose "Ancient Man in Britain," published recently by Messrs. Blackie, is not only a very good and original book, but, judging by its absorption of all the most recent investigations and Professor Elliot Smith's commendation, as safe as any book on prehistory can be.

\* \* \*

"ANCIENT Man in Britain" is a new argument for the League of Nations. Mr. Mackenzie's knowledge of mythology is world-wide, and by correlating the anthropology of a particular locality like Britain with a universal culture he lays waste in the most convincing manner the pastures of the hard-shell archaeologists. He

argues that the terms Palæolithic and Neolithic are all wrong, for the flint workmanship of Aurignacian and Solutrean times was far superior to anything the Neoliths did in stone, while the transition period between the two, at the beginning of which the Thames was a tributary of the Rhine and the Dogger Bank a forest, and at the end of which Britain was an island, was at least three times as long as the whole Neolithic period.

\* \* \*

The beginning of the transition corresponded with the last retreat of the glaciers; peoples and waters flowed; the life of the Western world thawed, and splendid isolation went with the ice. The Azilian-Tardenoisians (proto-Iberians) washed in from the south and west, and the Maglemosians (the proto-Nordics) from the Baltic walked over the Dogger Bank and crossed the rivers in dug-outs accompanied by their domesticated dogs and religious feelings about them as the guides and protectors of souls connected with the worship of dog-headed Anubis. A Maglemosian boat and one rowed on the Victoria Nyanza were built from designs of a common origin. The steady infiltration of peoples into Britain regularly continued after the subsidence of the land, not as warriors until the military aristocracy of the Celts, for there is practically no evidence of warfare from Neanderthaler to Celt, but as settlers, prospectors for metal, and traders. Neolithic man lived in regular village communities, in constant communication with Egyptian and Mesopotamian cultural and industrial influences, and the Megalithic builders settled in the metal-producing districts. Mr. Mackenzie shows that the early traders sought metals from Britain not out of greed, like the Romans, but for religious motives; and even in Celtic times traces of Oriental religious conceptions survived in Scotland in the pork-taboo derived from ancient Egypt, the Celts themselves being notable pork-fanciers. The Druidical worship of trees and wells had deep Oriental roots, and from the Continent, possibly through the Armenoids or Alpines who came in from the East, the early Britons drew their notions of cremation and the transmigration of souls.

\* \* \*

MR. MACKENZIE says that it was the Romans who brewed the fiction that our ancestors were barbarians. He claims that long before the great predatory state fastened its tyranny upon Britain the inhabitants had inherited a high degree of culture and artistic skill from seats of civilization far more ancient. The Roman invasion was not a blessing but a blight, and by destroying not a people but its social organization and native arts and crafts, it made the cruelty of the Anglo-Saxon invasions possible. Mr. Mackenzie's thesis is that the bulk of us are descended from the peoples of the Pre-Agricultural and Early Agricultural (Neolithic) Ages, and that for century after century before Celt or Roman we were in contact with Syrian, Cretan, Phœnician, Babylonian, and Egyptian influences. The details of his picture may here and there invite expert criticism, but he does establish the fundamental truth that from time immemorial the world of men in Asia, Africa, and Europe has been an indivisible whole.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

### JANE AUSTEN: AN INVESTIGATION.

**The Watsons.** By JANE AUSTEN. With an Introduction by A. B. WALKLEY. (Parsons. 6s.)

**The Watsons: a Fragment.** By JANE AUSTEN. Concluded by L. OULTON. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

THE stipulated fifty years have passed since "The Watsons" was first published by Jane Austen's nephew in the second edition of his Memoir. The fragment is no longer copyright; and we are vouchsafed two editions of it. One of them is beautifully printed; save for Mr. Walkley's introduction it contains only what Jane Austen wrote. The other looks like any ordinary novel, is a little worse printed than most, and the story is carried to a conclusion with nothing to show where Jane Austen ends and Miss Oulton begins.

The Jane Austen purist will not hesitate between them. He will lift an eyebrow at Miss Oulton's audacity, and put the beautiful edition next to "Love and Friendship" on his shelves. And there for him will be an end of the matter. But he will not have had so much fun as I have had. For I am not a Jane Austen purist. An admirer always, but not a Jane Austen scholar. I have dined at high-tables where half the company seemed to know the immortal Jane by heart, and I have felt hopelessly out of it. I have come to the conclusion that I do not know one single book as thoroughly as the Bursar of a certain Oxford college knows all the books of Jane Austen. He knows them all better than I know "The Pickwick Papers."

Nevertheless, I should have liked to try him as I tried myself, to set him to read "The Watsons" in Miss Oulton's version and mark precisely the point at which Jane left off. Of course, the necessary conditions are impossible. He knows "The Watsons" already. But I did not. I knew of its existence only. Here, then, was an admirable test of my critical acumen. After all, in a much greater matter, I have occasionally been bold enough to say of an early play of Shakespeare's: "Here Shakespeare's hand dropped the pen: here someone else's took it up." True, I know Shakespeare a little better than I know Jane Austen; but, on the other hand, the problem in Shakespeare's case is far more complicated. It would be a pretty fair test of how far I could rely on my own insight. Accordingly, I put the beautiful edition of "The Watsons" away in a safe place unopened, and began.

Alas! I did not guess right. I was not wildly wrong; I did not stop in the middle of Jane's own narrative and declare that she could not have written what followed. I had swallowed nearly ten pages of Miss Oulton before I was positive it was not "the true, the blushful Hippocrene." I had been uneasy, but I had been reassured.

Jane Austen's own narrative actually ends with Emma Watson's refusal, after being unselfishly urged to it by Elizabeth, to go to stay with Robert her brother and Jane his wife at Croydon. We know, by this time, Elizabeth and Emma fairly well—Elizabeth, if anything, rather better than Emma, for she talks more; and that is one of the things we know about her. Mr. Watson is a shadow—a faint, anticipatory ghost of Mr. Woodhouse. Mr. Howard we believe, largely on the subsequent evidence of "Mansfield Park," to be destined to marry Emma; but he, too, is vague. Lord Osborne, who has been smitten by Emma's beauty, is not very consistent. At first he seems to be a trial sketch for Darcy; later on, he shows affinities with Lord Frederick Verisopht. We know Tom Musgrave to some extent: we know what he cannot be rather than what he is. The querulous and difficult Margaret is outlined; so are Robert and Jane. We have not even seen Sam, Emma's brother, the surgeon's assistant, or Purvis, Elizabeth's first love, or Penelope. We know absolutely nothing of the first two, and of Penelope only that she is a keen husband-hunter and drives furiously.

Apparently, Jane Austen left some notes or hints of how the story would develop. I know nothing about them. I can only see that the struggle for Emma will be between Osborne and Howard, and that Howard will win. I can further surmise that there will be a struggle for Howard between Emma and—who? Julia Osborne, it seems, of necessity.

But these indications are too summary to be of use. There are really only two things to guide us in deciding

where the authentic narrative ends—our general feeling for Jane Austen's style, and our conception of the few characters who have been more or less solidly "posited."

Robert and Jane have left for Croydon. "On the following day," Miss Oulton continues—remember we do not know it is Miss Oulton—the parsonage was visited by Howard, his sister, Mrs. Blake, and little Charles, with whom Emma so kindly danced at the Assembly Ball. I swallowed it all, undoubting. But Charles brings a bouquet:—

"I have brought you these flowers, ma'am, because you were good enough to dance with me. Lord Osborne gave me anything I liked for you, and cut some for you himself."

Emma blushed as she smiled and curtsied, and blushed again as she advanced to receive her other visitors."

There came the first misgiving. Emma "blushed and blushed again." It is not quite like the Emma I had imagined, nor quite like Jane Austen's way of writing about any Emma. My confidence was, however, restored, and again immediately disturbed: restored by the first of the following paragraphs and disturbed by the second:—

"On questioning Emma, Mrs. Blake easily drew from her some account of her former life, and, on learning her aunt's name, recollected having heard it mentioned by friends in a way entirely agreeable to Emma's feelings."

"Presently Mr. Watson came into the room, and although he was a good deal surprised at finding himself in company, as Mr. Howard at once came forward with a show of friendliness, he had not time to lose his temper."

The shape of the first sentence seems Austenish; but the sudden revelation that Mr. Watson was violently irascible does not. What we know of him is that he is inclined to peevishness—a very different thing from being both bad-tempered and bad-mannered. But then Jane had changed her mind perceptibly about Osborne.

Still, by this time I was on the alert. Yet nothing more definitely disturbing came for the next few pages. Howard has invited the parsonage party to dinner: Osborne and Musgrave appear uninvited. Possible, if a little brusque. The dinner itself, too, considered *seriatim*, is possible Austen. But by the end of it one is tripped up completely by this:—

"On the ladies withdrawing, Lord Osborne turned to Mr. Watson, and said:

"You have a very beautiful daughter, sir," but he received in reply such a chilling bow that he could find nothing more to say; and Tom Musgrave nearly choked himself over his wine in his efforts to control his merriment at his friend's discomfiture."

That is not possible. Lord Osborne's remark was perfectly harmless; but it would have needed to be positively outrageous for two of Jane Austen's commoners to forget what was due to a peer of the realm. The social values have gone wrong. But more disturbing still, by the time we have come to the end of the dinner-party, is the sense that the characteristic *tempo* of Jane Austen has completely disappeared. This is not her rate of movement at all. It is all abrupt; we are jolted from paragraph to paragraph, from incident to incident. Somewhere during that dinner-party Jane Austen laid down the pen.

As a matter of fact, she put it down before even the invitation was written. And so I failed. But I comfort myself with the thought that what I learned about Jane Austen by that little exercise was more than all I knew before.

As Miss Oulton gets farther away from Jane Austen's original her blunders become more and more evident. Finally, they become catastrophic. She represents Lady Osborne as passionately in love with Howard—a development which to me seems perversely improbable, though Mr. Walkley himself anticipates it: but if the fact may be possible, the manner of its representation by Miss Oulton is not. Lady Osborne, walking with Howard in Rome, thus declares herself to him—

"Do you remember the sacristan, in Santa Croce, telling us of the priceless frescoes of Giotto that lay hidden under the whitewash on the walls of the Chapel of the Bardi della Liberta? It made me think of how often so much lies hidden from us by an even slighter veil—a gossamer so slender that we afterwards come to wonder what obstacle it could have presented to us."

The number of reasons why Jane Austen could not have written that is positively frightening.

J MIDDLETON MURRY.



## AN UNHAPPY STATESMAN.

**Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen.** By Lady FRANCES BALFOUR. (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s.)

If misfortune can make a man interesting, Lord Aberdeen should be the most interesting statesman of the nineteenth century. His life was saddened by the early death of his wife and his three beautiful daughters. His public career was the most bitter disappointment that any public man has ever known. For Aberdeen, though an ambitious man, would have been much less unhappy if he had missed office altogether. He became Prime Minister; but for what? To stumble into war in the desperate hope first of preventing it, then of ending it. Most people are probably surprised that public men can go on with their daily life without any apparent concern or remorse, after plunging the world into the most terrible calamities, for they feel that if they had the blood of thousands on their conscience, they would go into a monastery or wear a hair shirt for the rest of their lives. Aberdeen was a public man who never developed the gift or habit of self-absolution. The thought of the Crimea was a perpetual misery to him. He went into it wringing his hands, and the knowledge that no man in Europe had desired it less did not abate his haunting sense of guilt.

Lady Frances Balfour's *Life* will not add to Aberdeen's reputation as a man of affairs who has to control or manage men, but it brings out the sterling qualities of his character. It was significant of him that he was the one man in his Cabinet who had a good word to say for Lord John Russell at the moment of his cowardly desertion. Lord John, like so many men, had cast himself for a part for which he was too small. He had consented to serve under Aberdeen, but he could not maintain the standard of conduct that duty demanded in that position. He was wayward, querulous, and difficult, just because he was not wholly reconciled to the inferior position he had accepted. His small-minded ambition and Aberdeen's magnanimity make a dramatic contrast. There are few men who could have driven that queer team—Peelites, who wanted peace, like Gladstone; Palmerston, Newcastle, and Lansdowne, who wanted war; and Lord John, who was like a spoilt child. Yet it was not any of these men who really made the Crimean War, nor was it Louis Napoleon, though Englishmen liked to think of him as the villain of the piece. The war was made by Stratford de Redcliffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople. Aberdeen knew that Stratford was eager for war, and in one letter he spoke of his "dishonesty"; but he did not dare to recall him, for that would have meant a direct breach with Palmerston and Russell; and Palmerston and Russell, and not Aberdeen, had England behind them. It is the fashion now in some quarters to talk of the England of 1832-1867 as an ideal England. Was there ever a more Jingo England?

It is easy to see from Lady Frances Balfour's book what use England should have made of Aberdeen's gifts. He ought to have been an ambassador and not a politician. In his youth (for in those precocious days noblemen did not wait for their spurs until they had won them) he was offered the Embassy to Russia. This he refused, but he served as special envoy to the Allies in the concluding episodes of the war with Napoleon. In his despatches and in his conduct he showed himself remarkably free from the prejudices of the time. He was essentially a good European. And as he was a most honorable man, with gifts that made him popular with foreign princes and statesmen, he was just the man to handle a diplomatic difficulty on the spot. He scandalized Castlereagh and his friends by thinking that it was more important that a soldier attached to the Embassy should be competent than that he should be a Tory, and his letters in favor of Sir Robert Wilson, whom the Tory Government did not want to employ, make admirable reading. He was a sensible, high-minded man, with certain unmistakable talents, but not a man for the hurly-burly of passionate politics. And he found himself Prime Minister with a Jingo England, colleagues who were masterful and warlike, and an Opposition that hated him with a vehement fury because he had been Peel's friend and Peel himself was out of their reach.

## ART AND THE SOUL OF MAN.

**The History of Art.—Vol. II., Medieval Art.** By ELIE FAURE. Translated by WALTER PACH. (The Bodley Head 25s.)

THIS is an astonishing book. Reading it is like nothing so much as falling over a cataract. Once in, one is rushed along on the current, sometimes under water and sometimes on top, catching glimpses of the flying countries on the banks as they whirl past. Something of this is, perhaps, inevitable in a book which deals, in fewer than 450 pages, with a thousand years of art in all the known countries of the world. But some of it is undoubtedly due to M. Faure's rhetorical style; colored, vivid, dogmatic, and loaded with adjectives. The result of it is a highly confusing, stimulating, controversial, and delightful book, without a page that does not contain an amusing phrase, an illuminating comment, or an original point of view.

M. Faure has gone about his work in an orderly way, and with a sound method. He seeks to reconstruct the collective mind of the race of which he treats, by tracing in its art the broad principles that govern it, and their relation to the influences, emotional and climatic, that moulded the mind of the artist. The Arabs, alone in the desert with their own souls, in their land of limitless horizons, have conceived the most abstract of gods, with no kindly incarnation to link the spirit with the flesh; and have expressed him in the most abstract and bodiless art and architecture. The Chinese, the race of philosophers, carry their inquiries to within sight of the unknowable and strive no further. Theirs is the wisdom of every day, of the recognition of limitations, and of pleasure in bending to natural law. Their country stands apart, and asks nothing of the rest of the world. They are the masters of form, and they love the sphere, complete and content within itself.

For M. Faure, the struggle of man with Nature in her varying climates and conditions is the only agent which, primarily, moulds his soul and his art. In the tropics, with the dice loaded against him and death in ambush on every side, we find his art and his religion reflecting his fear and Nature's cruelty. In Polynesia life is too easy to spur him to any effort; in the bitter North all effort is hopeless. Only in the temperate climates do we find that balance of struggle and possible achievement which develops the highest potentialities of the mind of man.

As the great civilizations born of this struggle attained their highest point and declined, their religions became more and more abstract and spiritualized; art and the senses became the enemies of the soul instead of its means of expression, and the way was made easy for the bleak Semitic creeds to penetrate and overwhelm the world. Something of Pantheism, of the belief in the presence of God in Nature, is necessary for the creation of great art, as most of us conceive it, and only where the spirit of man has begun to rebel against the barrenness of the creeds does he, says M. Faure, again turn to the forms of material beauty. The lovely art of the medieval Church in Europe shows thus more as a rebellion against spiritual tyranny, the awakening of the starved senses and thwarted natural loves, than as the embodiment of a stern and abstract religion. It is, perhaps, this natural love of the living world which was preserved and cherished in the hearts of the common people, however the enlightened might deny it, which clothed the framework of the early church buildings with their wealth of beautiful and ingenious detail, full of playfulness and familiarity, the expression of the mind of the individual workman rather than of the architect. Just as the common people carried on, and still to some extent carry on, the beliefs and practices of an earlier religion under a surface conformity, so the instinct for material expression was handed down till, as M. Faure points out was the case in medieval France, the masses began to rebel against political and spiritual tyrannies alike, and the soul of the people began again to express itself in the forms of art.

Such is M. Faure's thesis, and he expounds it with a magnificent lavishness of word and illustration. He flings his pictures into the book carelessly, in the course of argument, leaving them to do their own convincing. And some of them are most beautiful. There is a piece of low-relief wall decoration, the work of the Khmers, that mysterious vanished race who lived in the forests of Indo-China, which

is as near perfection, in its way, as one can hope to see, and moves one like music. There are Chinese elephants of stone, and evil fetish figures from Africa; a Japanese temple-guardian like a demented Greek god; and a lovely bronze head from Benin. There is a Persian miniature of a man painting that claims cousinship with a Holbein portrait, and, in the latter half of the book, some European sculpture of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries that makes one wonder why we keep on trying.

M. Faure leaves us, in this volume, on the threshold of the fifteenth century, exhausted with following his flight through the ages, and feeling that he has said a hundred things that we should have liked to contradict if we had had the time; but, for all that, stimulated and deeply interested. Great stretches of his text demand quotation, notably the summing-up of the essay on China, but once begin quoting, and there would be no end. A truly admirable book.

#### TRANSCENDENTAL POLITICS.

**The Interpreters.** By A. E. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"WHAT is the relation of the politics of time to the politics of eternity?" The question is not often asked nowadays, especially by those who claim to be masters of political craft. Were all his problems as easily shelved as this, Mr. Bonar Law would have fewer fears about his power to maintain his promised tranquillity, and no one suspects Mr. Lloyd George, who has attempted so often to reconcile irreconcilables, of using his mental resourcefulness to establish a possible connection. The attitude of leaders of public opinion does not necessarily dispose of A. E.'s argument that political emotions may be in reality spiritual emotions. They arouse, as he says, passions "powerful enough to draw the lover away from love," passions "deep and absorbing as those evoked by great religions"; but as yet these have not been made "sacred by association with an Oversoul."

In "The Interpreters" A. E. sets himself to remedy this defect. The scene of his discussion is laid in a future century, so that ideals may be discussed apart from transient circumstances. But, as one would expect, the facts of the Irish struggle and the clash of views amongst its leaders, both of which the author has studied at close quarters, have influenced his writing. A small nation has risen in revolt against the domination of a world-empire. The revolutionaries, foiled by treachery in the opening phase of the conflict, find themselves prisoners in the arsenal which they had hoped to capture. In addition to the active leaders of revolt, the captives include a philosophic historian, arrested because the theories embodied in his writings had fired the minds of the younger generation, and a thorough-going Imperialist, Heyt, who has been detained by a mistake of the military. The fight still rages furiously in the city; and the prisoners, uncertain of the fate of their cause, but certain that they will pay, on the morrow, the penalty ordained for rebels captured in arms, discuss and analyze the deeper motives which have inspired their action.

A. E. does more than hold the balance even between the disputants. He states the case of each of the characters, not only fairly, but with a poet's insight, enriching it with the nobility and beauty that spring from a passionate faith which has become the deepest thing in a man's life. Though A. E. does not accept in its entirety the Nationalist gospel, he can express it more effectively than the majority of its prophets:—

"I believe our best wisdom does not come from without, but arises in the soul and is an emanation from the Earth spirit, a voice speaking directly to us dwellers in this land. We are among the few races still remaining on earth whose traditions run back to the gods and the divine origin of things. There have been men in every generation who have seen through earth as through a colored transparency into the world of which this is a shadow. Hence it comes that our land, the earth underfoot, is holy ground. In the earliest mythological tales the sacred mountains, lakes, and rivers are named. And why are they sacred? Because there, as on Sinai, men spoke with divinities. . . . Even where the literature is unread something of the tradition remains with the peasant, and at times he has vision so that he sees in waste places the blaze of supernatural palaces, and people look out upon him with eyes which are brighter than human."

A. E.'s appreciation of the Nationalist argument does not prevent him from doing justice to the creed of the

Imperialist, to whom the regional ideal is like "the display of a ruined house inhabited by a few shadowy ghosts," and who proclaims that "the might of an organism is the measure of its rightness." As against both Imperialist and Nationalist, the Socialist, Oulain, insists that inspiration must be sought, not outside, but inside the circle of human life, in the emotions of love and pity. "Humanity itself is its own absolute, and within itself are its own foundations of beauty and power." But the Anarchist, Leroy, counters with a vehement protest against the tyranny of national, imperial, and social dogmas which "imprison the soul in little cubicles of thought, the soul which might have grown into a myriad wisdom." Leroy does not deny that the methods of his opponents may achieve a harmony of society, but he declares that the result must be to weaken individuality, and deprive the will of "that diamond hardness which can only be maintained by continuous effort never relaxed for a single instant." And in the synthesis of Brehon, the philosophical historian, who may be taken as presenting the view of A. E., we are given much the same conclusion as that reached by the Anarchist—that the only way of perfecting human relations is by the transfiguration of the individual.

Without questioning the transcendental truth of A. E.'s creed, it is obvious that politicians, and not politicians alone, in the words of one of his characters, "will mistrust a philosophy which universalizes overmuch." Statesmen will readily admit that their task would be easier if individuals were transfigured, but they will deny, strenuously and not unreasonably, that to effect transfiguration is their business. They have to deal with their raw material in the mass, and the best they can hope under actual conditions in a workaday world is to remove some of the obstacles that hinder the fuller development of individuality. Nor would a profession of faith in the necessity of making politics "sacred by association with an Oversoul" effect anything. In Ireland to-day (and A. E. writes with Ireland in his mind) it is precisely the people with whom idealism and the Absolute are fetishes who are making life intolerable for the rest of their fellow-countrymen. If partisans were persuaded that their politics were true, not only for time, but for eternity, they would have even fewer scruples about dragging their opponents into righteousness.

The difficulty is less to get people to accept the idea that political emotions may be, in reality, spiritual emotions, than to ensure that this conviction of spirituality shall not give rise to a spirit of narrowness and intolerance. In the course of the discussion Rian, the artist, remarks: "If the people fighting without there had only known the ideas Lavelle and Leroy discuss among themselves there would have been no revolt. They would not have understood what their leaders were talking about." The defect of A. E.'s creed from the practical point of view is that it suggests no way by which the quality of the followers can be levelled up to that of the leaders. No doubt the transfiguration of the individual would solve the difficulty, but if this were accomplished the necessity for politics in the ordinary sense would have practically disappeared. A. E. may be right when he argues that "the external law imposed by the greatest of States must finally give way before the instinct of self-rule, which alone is consonant with the dignity and divinity of man." For the present, however, and for many generations to come, there is no possibility of getting rid of external law, and the task of politicians is to develop it so that it shall aid rather than hinder the power of men "to assert absolute kingship over their own being."

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When a witness enters the witness-box, it is always necessary to examine the sources of his information. The General's acquaintance with the Tsar extended over about two-and-a-half years, from August, 1914, to March, 1917, during which time he was Chief of the British Military Mission in Russia, and lived at the General Headquarters of the Russian armies. The form in which the evidence is presented is unsatisfactory: it is a "sketch" in "diary form," but the author leaves us in doubt whether the entries, as they are printed, were written by him on the dates indicated. Even so, the future historian will not obtain anything of remarkable historic value from Major-General Hanbury-Williams. The book may, perhaps, settle the great champagne question, for the General, who had daily intercourse with the Tsar and frequently had meals with him, declares that in all these months he "never once saw the Emperor in a state of inebriation." There is evidence, too, that the Tsar was very fond of his children, that he played games with them; that the General played games with the Tsar and the Tsar's children; that the Tsarevitch was a boy and threw bread pellets at the General; that the Empress was a kind and gracious great lady who sent flowers to the General. It is also interesting to learn that on March 1st, 1916, in the somewhat dark days of the great world-war, Sir Arthur Paget and the Earl of Pembroke travelled all the way from England to Russia in order to present a Field-Marshal's baton to the Tsar, and that the General notes: "Paget and Pembroke looked very smart, and it was good to see a red and a blue coat after all the khaki, Paget towering over most people in the room." The whole ceremony cheered up, not only the General, but the Tsar; and no doubt it had an equally inspiring effect upon the large number of Russians who were being killed about this time in the neighborhood of Czernowitz.

Finally, we come to that most important question of whether the Tsar and his wife and their *entourage* were pro-Germans or loyal to their Allies. The Tsar and the Empress frequently remarked to Major-General Sir Hanbury-Williams that they were determined to fight the war to a finish. This evidence appears to be conclusive, but there remains the case of Count Fredericks, the intimate friend and counsellor of the Tsar. He, too, was accused, not only of being pro-German, but a German. He told the General, on March 12th, 1917, 6 p.m., that he had arranged, as president of the Yacht Club, to blackball all Germans when peace came. The evidence could hardly be more conclusive.

#### ALTARS OR ORACLES?

**Altars of Earth.** By H. L. SIMPSON, M.A. (James Clarke. 6s.)  
**Oracles of God.** By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. (James Clarke. 6s.)

THESE volumes are from a series entitled "The Humanism of the Bible." They have been published in the belief that a stress on the human interest of the Scriptures may reveal values which, at the moment, are being neglected. The books do not read as if they had been specially written with this purpose. The occasional anecdote, whilst lightening the page, rather suggests the address. If this be so, it is somewhat unfortunate, as the attempt to elucidate the humanities in order to win the attention of Humanity was worth being done as a single aim. The Bible is in exile. Its kingship has departed. This may be of ultimate advantage, as value is discerned sometimes only through absence. The old Book which Faith held to be verbally inspired has gone, except with those whose beliefs are not at the mercy of rude facts. With all others verbal inspiration and the authority resting upon it were bound to go in the light of modern inquiry; they could only be maintained by a verbal jugglery which was injurious to sincerity in religion. The unique Book—solitary in the pre-eminent quality of its inspiration—has gone from man's belief. Certain consequences follow inevitably. Chillingworth's dictum, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants," stated the position once held in English religious circles. All drew their authority from the Scriptures, even if they fought over their interpretations. The foundations are more than shaken if the Bible goes. Anglicanism may linger; it has historic sentiment; its ritual has an æsthetic appeal which may continue attractive. But Nonconformity, with its Puritan tradition, which, according

to John Morley, had simplification for its keynote, has discarded ritual and eliminated externals, until little else remained except the oracle. The Anglican can ignore the sermon, but Nonconformity lives by its exposition of the Word. But what is the Word? If all the Scriptures are not the Word, then where abides the Word? How shall we find it? The test of Coleridge, "The Word finds me," has much to commend its subjectivity; but does the Word find the worshipper in these transitional days? It is heard with restful tolerance by the majority; it is a quarry for texts; it continues a choice maze for millennial adventures, but in any large sense as a guide for life and duty it is unread.

"Altars of Earth" deals with the early chapters of Genesis and, in addition, with the fascinating pessimist known as Ecclesiastes. With quite a cheerful courage the writer hoists the old beliefs overboard. The Creation stories are valuable for their discovery of God and not for their account of Creation. Genesis is a hymn of praise and not a scientific treatise (and we used to write harmonies between Genesis and geology). Eden is a garden story illustrative of innocence and of knowledge bought at the cost of innocence. The serpent story teaches the sinfulness of evil. The Flood story is in many languages. The Tower of Babel is "an untouched piece of folk-lore." Well, Truth comes in by lowly doors. The earliest teaching was in crude story form, and was none the worse for that. These positions are familiar to the ministry at least; the congregation maintains a sub-conscious orthodoxy and is not willing easily to be taught new things. Religion for so many means tranquillity of mind as well as of heart. That the pulpit and the pew are not agreed on their postulates is a difficulty of the present moment.

Both books suffer from having been written by preachers who are expected to preach. Dr. Orchard rarely has time to do much more than briefly sketch the environment and the career of the minor prophets he deals with in "Oracles of God" before he is back again after the modern sinner and the Nonconformist who shies at the Eucharist; he is the live end of the wire. But humanism requires a meed of leisure. Johnson complained of Wesley for the same reason: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. . . . this is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do." So Dr. Orchard's humanism suffers because of his intense interest in Humanity and his really wonderful capacity for dealing with it as a preacher. There is a noble leisuredness in Quiller-Couch's book "On the Art of Reading," especially in the chapters on reading the Bible. One is given time to test the phrase; one has leisure to admire, and perhaps even to reverence, without the dread of being called over the coals (quite justifiably) for one's sins.

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Everything seems quite simple: the function has gone off without a hitch; few realize what a tremendous amount of unselfish effort has been needful to ensure this success, or how much the hero of the day owes to the disregarded subordinates who have prepared the way for his triumph. Probably, in spite of the compliments he confers upon them privately, the statesman himself has a very dim idea of the work required to organize the meeting, nor does he realize that not one idea in his programme is due to his own original thought, but that all has been ultimately derived from little-



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known workers far more intimately in contact with the abuses of the time and the needs of the people.

Of such Mr. Soutter is one of the most remarkable. His name will be new to many readers, but to Liberal organizers, to agents of the Free Trade Union, to workers for many causes already triumphant or yet militant to-day, his face and name will be alike familiar. Now nearly eighty years of age, he has been an agitator ever since his twenties. To his initiative was due the first independent Labor candidature, that of George Odger, for Southwark, in 1869; he was confidential adviser to Miss Helen Taylor in 1885, when, but for the veto of the returning officer, she would have gone to the poll at North Camberwell as the first woman candidate for Parliament; he was a pioneer in Radical journalism, and an active spirit in the fight against church rates and for the more democratic government of London.

Of all these movements, *quorum pars magna fuit*, he gives a first-hand account, often enlivened by a sub-acid humor. His book makes very good reading, and should interest the advocates of many causes, who too often know little of those who prepared the way for later triumphs. It will serve a very good purpose if it leads politicians to recognize more fully the unselfish devotion of those many workers and thinkers who, seldom in the limelight, probably do more for the advancement of the world than those who get the lion's share of the glory.

#### FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

**The Boy Grew Older.** By HEYWOOD BROWN. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

**Rekindled Fires.** By JOSEPH ANTHONY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

**Where the Blue Begins.** By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. (Heinemann. 5s.)

It would be interesting, were one Sir Oliver Lodge, to get the opinion of Poe, or Hawthorne, on contemporary American fiction. Poe almost certainly would be extremely rude about it, and Hawthorne—that pensive, fastidious spirit—what could he make of even so fine a thing as “Babbitt”? while from the bulk of “Babbitt’s” contemporaries we can only picture him turning away with a shudder. For the author of the “Twice-Told Tales” is not a “he-author,” his books are not addressed to “he-men”; they are, at the best, “stylistic stuff” and fatally lacking in “kick.” We cannot imagine him writing them—as Whitman, for instance, the father of the modern movement, might have written much if not all of his poetry—in the speech of to-day.

This new speech, this American language, may before long, indeed, prove a rather thankless medium for any literary artist to work in. It is alive, no doubt, and full of vigor (“punch” I suppose one ought to call it), but, in its strange evolution, it appears to be moving rapidly away from precision of sense and beauty of sound, qualities as necessary to good prose as to good poetry. Nor is the spirit that lies beneath these linguistic modifications, these omissions and expansions and inventions, reassuring. Surely there is very much less raciness than insensibility in this description of a prizefighter: “Here is the head upon which all the jabs of the world have come, and the eyelids are a little weary.” Yet it is characteristic, it is attractive to us as a particularly gifted, or at all events highly paid, journalist. He is the hero of Mr. Heywood Brown’s novel, “The Boy Grew Older.”

It is not a good novel. It seems, in fact, to fall between two stools, to be not quite “he-literature” and not quite “stylistic stuff.” Nor can I discover any reason why Mr. Brown himself should make this single brief appearance in it:—

“There’s a newspaper man over in the corner that I’d like to have you meet,” said Peter.

“Who is it?”

“His name’s Heywood Brown. He’s on the ‘World.’”

“Which one do you mean? The one with the shave?”

“No, the other one.”

Peter is only a man of talent, but Peter’s son Pat is a genius. At least, that is how he impresses Mr. Brown and the persons in the book. Even at the age of eleven months he produces this impression. “Boy, didn’t you ever bust bang into the artistic temperament?” somebody asks. “Shape him? You

can’t beat him out of it with a club. I don’t know yet what way he’s going to jump, but I want to put down a little bet this kid of yours is going to be some kind of an artist.” To the reader Pat may seem an unattractive and conceited youth, but that proves nothing. When he is one and a half he is deeply stirred by a phonograph interpretation of “Siegfried’s Funeral March,” and when he is nineteen by Mr. James Joyce’s “Ulysses.” A little later we take leave of him on the eve of a journey to Paris with his mother, who is chief soprano at the Opera House there, and who has discovered that he will one day possess “the greatest voice in the world.”

Three editions of Mr. Brown’s novel have been called for in two months, but a far better book is Mr. Joseph Anthony’s “Rekindled Fires.” Mr. Anthony really has talent; his work is good. The scene of this, his first novel, is Creekville, New Jersey, a village inhabited principally by German and Bohemian settlers. Here live the Zabranskies, a Bohemian family, and it is with them that Mr. Anthony’s novel is concerned. All the Zabranskies are well drawn, but the father and the younger son, Stanislav, are particularly good. The story is Stanislav’s, though he by no means monopolizes it. The influence of Zabransky senior, that fat, shrewd, good-natured freethinker and anarchist, is perceptible in every thought and action of the boy. Most admirably presented is this relation between father and son, the strong likeness and the difference between them. Stanislav at fifteen is an ardent Socialist; he is also composing a philosophy, or, rather, thinking of composing one: he is, in short, a very real boy of somewhat uncommon type, not priggish, though immensely serious. He is very intelligent, and possesses three singularly attractive qualities—faithfulness, courage, and unselfishness. Everybody is poor, except Mr. Kuss, the cigar manufacturer, but sufficient money is raised to send Stanislav to college, and, once there, he helps to support himself by selling Mr. Kuss’s cigars, the Imperial five-cent cigar, on commission. What gives the book charm, however, is its atmosphere of freshness and simplicity. A rough yet fine spirit of youth transfigures the whole life of Creekville, as by a kind of spiritual sunlight. We see Creekville as Stanislav sees it, through the brave and passionate idealism of boyhood. The texture of the fabric may be crude and uncouth, but this delicate light of the soul washes it with beauty. It is a moral quality, of course; nevertheless, its aesthetic value is incontestable, and Mr. Anthony is a novelist we can sincerely welcome. He has a far rarer gift than mere cleverness. There is a broad spirit of humanity in his work, a gift of sympathy, that should carry him far. He can create character, he is particularly sensitive to spiritual values, and his understanding embraces a very wide range of life.

“Where the Blue Begins” will probably be welcomed also, but by a much narrower, in fact, by a rather special circle of readers, for Mr. Gissing, the hero of this story, is a dog. Not that Mr. Morley has written the kind of book the S.P.C.A. will award as a prize to youthful essayists. He is no naturalist of the school of Mr. Thompson Seton. His book is a fantasy, and would, indeed, have gained had it been a shade more fantastic, and had the reflective passages, one and all, been crossed out. Since the characters are dogs and Mr. Morley is a man, he should have resisted the temptation to address us in person. It is true that Mr. Gissing’s adventures are translated into human symbols, but this is only an additional reason for emphasizing the canine substructure. In the long episode of Beagle & Co., for instance, amusing though it is in itself, we quite forget that we are not reading about men and women. Better is Mr. Gissing’s brief and passionate experience of the Church, with its admirable closing scene in which even Bishop Borzoi is firmly planted on four paws; best of all is the inimitable voyage. This is written in the true spirit of fantastic comedy, and Mr. Poynter, the mate, is a delicious invention. It is an odd, whimsical little book, a book that will be indignantly returned to the library as rubbish by one reader, and chuckled over with delight by the next. Very likely it bristles with esoteric meanings, but these, I admit, have escaped me. Such things invariably do; to me the myths of Plato are even as “Puss-in-Boots”; therefore, if Mr. Morley’s tale is capable of an exact exegesis, I for one shall not attempt it; I decline to spoil a story by hunting for an allegory.

FORREST REID.



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medical system, and show that it is *most unfair* to doctors and *highly dangerous* to the nation. And I offer the only practical solution of the doctor's dilemma.

The evidence in *THE YADIL BOOK* is sensational. It has brought me several tempting financial offers. These I have declined, because I want to retain the control of my discovery, and make sure that it will continue to be made and remain available to the masses. For the working classes furnish the majority of victims of consumption and other infections, and healthy workers are essential to the prosperity of the nation.

I cannot without help make known to every victim of consumption in the British Isles that *Yadil* will cure them. But all the readers of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* can further my work by securing a copy of *THE YADIL BOOK* (192 pages, cloth bound), as explained below. It is the interest of every individual that consumption should be stamped out, quickly and at small cost.

I have not asked for public subscriptions to aid me perfect my antiseptic, or get it tested by the medical profession, but I have carried on my work for the last eight years, following several years of study and research, under great difficulties. I have been sustained by the knowledge derived from medical men, that *Yadil saves life*, and that sooner or later the whole nation will demand its benefit, despite the powerful vested interests which it disturbs. Will you help me by first getting it in your own home, then telling your friends about it?

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I appeal for your whole-hearted co-operation to ensure the use of *Yadil* in every home. This would stamp out tuberculosis in a few years and put an end to the present appalling waste of human life through other preventable infections.

*Yadil* is prepared under my personal supervision by Messrs. Clement & Johnson, Limited, Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. It is obtainable through all chemists and stores, in amber bottles, under corn-coloured wrappers, with name, size, and price plainly printed, 6-oz. 3/6, Pint 9/6, Quart 17/-. A copy of *THE YADIL BOOK* is sent post-free in return for the card wrapped round each bottle. A 6-oz. size is

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Send me your name and address for a *post-free* booklet on *Yadil*.

## From the Publishers' Table.

THERE exists a large public which is far from satisfied with reading of the cinematographic or chocolate-kiosk type, and seeks books which may be as readable in a year's time as now. It is for such an audience that a new literary journal is being designed, to be published by Messrs. Cassell, and intended to supply an interesting view of contemporary life and letters.

PUBLISHERS are often the objects of disapproval, and their good qualities are apt to lie unnoticed. The most satisfactory praise that these qualities can receive is the support of purchasers. We hope, for instance, that the enterprise of Messrs. Chapman & Dodd in publishing "The Abbey Classics" will find a welcome everywhere. Seven volumes have been issued; in April, six others will appear, including Melville's "Mardi," in two volumes; and presently the plays and the poems of John Gay will follow. The same house is bringing out "The Abbey Nature Books," an inexpensive illustrated series written by the veteran enthusiast Mr. W. Percival Westell.

In the library of translations which Messrs. Routledge are preparing, Mr. Richard Aldington's version of Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyages to the Moon and Sun" will find a place. The Broadway House list is also concerned with the new adventures in Egypt, Professor G. Elliot Smith having arranged with the publishers for the appearance of his book, "Tutankhamen," early in March.

ANOTHER series in progress which commands admiration in its inception is that of handbooks upon artists, by Messrs. Philip Allan. It was indeed time, for instance, that some impulse was begun towards a fuller appreciation of Wright of Derby. Apart from his paintings, in the Derby Museum and elsewhere, it was not easy to meet with much notice of this original painter; and the monograph by William Bensor, with its etchings by Haden, had grown rare and expensive.

THE "Cambridge Ancient History" is to extend to eight volumes. It will pursue events as far as A.D. 324, when the "Cambridge Medieval History" takes up the story; and that again, which is in train of publication, is relieved by Lord Acton's "Cambridge Modern History," completed some time since. The Ancient History is compiled under a policy of the middle course between a work for experts only and a production of the so-called "popular" appeal.

THE Ullstein-Verlag (Berlin, S.W. 68; Kochstrasse 22-26) have published recently a number of albums and manuals of fashion and the art of needlework. These are handsome and cheaply priced books, of which a full prospectus is issued, in German, French, and English.

It sounds at first a difficult subject which has been set this year by the Society of Architects for the Trehearne-Norman Essay Prize (£15). It is "The Influence of High Buildings on Civic Development." Open to any British subject, the essay should be of more than three thousand, but less than six thousand, words, typewritten on quarto paper, and received at the offices of the Society, 28, Bedford Square, W.C. 1, by May-day.

"DEBBRETT'S House of Common and Judicial Bench," in its fifty-second year, appears anew from its home in Covent Garden—Messrs. Dean & Son. It is a complete Parliamentary Guide. The book, 550 pages of information, costs one pound.

MR. ALFRED WILLIAMS, who before the war was known as the railwayman poet, writing chiefly on rural themes, and who lately put forth a pleasant sauntering account of the Upper Thames, has collected and commented some 250 folk-songs of the same countryside. This treasury will be published by Messrs. Duckworth.

THERE has been published by Messrs. F. Hill Sellar, 14, Crooked Lane, E.C. 4, an odd "satire in the form of a comic-opera libretto," entitled "Midsummer Time," 4s. 6d. net. The rhyming is very merry, as in the lines describing the universe as

"Highly holduppable, deeply turndownable,  
Roastable, toastable, nicely do-brown-able."

MODERN authors are, at any rate, popular in the book-sellers' catalogues; they are plentiful in a list from Mr. Burton, 9, Palmerston Crescent, N. 13; in Messrs. Foyle's twenty-sixth list; and in Mr. Henry Danielson's sixteenth. Mr. Danielson records some noteworthy drawings and etchings.

"A HISTORY of the Canadian Pacific Railway," by Mr. Harold A. Innis of Toronto University, is announced by Messrs. P. S. King.

## Music.

### THE MISTRUST OF MUSIC.

If English people could acquire that habit of music of which I wrote in my last article, they would not mistrust music as they do. It is this mistrust of music, even among musical people, that prevents the highest developments of music in England. A tradition of long standing—it certainly goes back as far as Lord Chesterfield, possibly as far back as the days of the Puritans, but not as far back as those of Shakespeare—induces all English people, even our real leaders of music, to regard music as something secondary in their lives. During the war I often heard certain people of the older generation express horror at the amount of music that was still going on. "I can't think how people can dream of going to concerts at such a time as this!" Yet these very people were themselves devoted to music, people of genuine musical learning and accomplishment, people who had for many years given their best energies to the spreading of true musical culture. But just because they loved music so much, they felt that it was their duty to "sacrifice" it. It was to them a pleasure, a luxury, an amusement. They loved it, but in the depths of their hearts they mistrusted it. It had never been to them a vital spiritual force.

It is precisely among the most high-minded composers in this country that this mistrust of music has shown itself most conspicuously. The strength of Parry's music lay in his own personal high-mindedness; its weakness in that this same characteristic led him to set a lower value on music than upon poetry. He could not conceive of himself as being upon equal terms with the poet whom he set; he had far too deep a respect for them and for poetry; far too modest a view of music and of his own personality. He applied in his music the principles which he naturally applied in his conduct—never to put himself forward, but always to do everything possible to help other people. I do not wish to suggest that English music would benefit by an increased spirit of personal egotism, or by a diminished respect for pure literature; but one cannot help being aware that in the case of a great deal of that English music which is inspired by high ideals the music by itself is of slender value. Take the words away, or perform them to an audience which does not know English, and there will be very little left beyond a few gestures of severely restrained dignity.

Two recent productions of operas serve to illustrate in different ways our mistrust of music. One is "Markheim," by P. Napier Miles, produced in a modest way at a single matinée at the Metropolitan Theatre; the other is "The Cousin from Nowhere," a musical comedy which was seen for the first time in London at the Prince's Theatre last Saturday.

"Markheim" is adapted from a short story by Stevenson. Markheim is a young man who enters a





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curiosity shop one Christmas afternoon and murders the proprietor for his money. A stranger, who may possibly be the Devil, appears, and in the course of conversation so works upon Markheim's feelings that he gives himself up to the police. Not much material even for a one-act opera, you might think; but, in any case, Mr. Miles's opera was saved by its libretto and its interpreters. The dialogue is almost word for word from Stevenson. As I listened to the sentences uttered by Mr. Steuart Wilson as Markheim and Mr. Clive Carey as the Stranger, it seemed incredible that any composer should have wished to set them to music, in spite of their literary distinction. Mr. Miles has set them with singular skill. His opera is almost entirely recitative, and he handles his words with such felicity that the recitative never for a moment sounds unnatural; but there are few operatic singers who could sing such recitatives with the fine literary appreciation shown by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Carey. Mr. Miles seems to have had "*Pelléas and Mélisande*" in his mind as a model; his characters talk rather than sing; while the orchestra supplies a discreet background. It was unfortunate that at this performance the accompaniments were played on a piano-forte only. Mr. Reginald Paul played them with great skill, but one could only guess at the color effects intended, and much of the orchestral part sounded rather incoherent. There were occasional moments in the opera when one's emotions were tensely gripped, but, on the whole, it missed its mark. Mr. Miles mistrusts music; he is afraid to give his singers a strong melodic line which can work steadily upon the emotions; he fails to see that a sense of pure musical form is a source of strength in an opera, not a fetter to inspiration. There was no steady growth towards a musical climax. The composer trusted the poet rather than himself to supply the dramatic force. If so, why set the story to music at all? Yet, as I said, there were isolated moments when it was certainly worth while to set the story to music. Mr. Miles only lacked the courage to trust music all the way through.

The music of "*The Cousin from Nowhere*" is by a German composer, Eduard Künneke. It has had an enormous success in North Germany and Scandinavia. I saw it in Berlin about a year ago. It does not compare with the usual English type of "musical comedy," for it has no chorus. Its musical style shows the influence of Offenbach; it is delightfully free from the sticky sentimentality of the Viennese, and adopts various modern dance forms—one-step, fox-trot, tango, &c.—in preference to the eternal waltz. There is a waltz; but the hero is never allowed to become sentimental over it; whenever he tries to start singing it, he is invariably interrupted by the entrance of a comic character. The most notable feature of the little opera is that almost all its musical numbers are ensembles. Solos are in a very small minority. It is witty and light-hearted, full of tunes which stick in one's head, very cleverly scored and skillfully developed in the concerted pieces.

Charming as it is, I believe that there are plenty of young English composers who could write just as good a light opera. Why do not the managers give them a chance? They do not trust music. Mr. Laurillard can go to Berlin, see "*Der Vetter aus Dingsda*" as a successful going concern, and buy it for London. We have every reason to be grateful to him, and he has shown courage and sound sense in the operation. If a young Englishman had taken the score of such an opera to a manager, would he have accepted it? Would he not have been horrified at the concerted pieces and their complexities? Yet the public adores concerted pieces. The people who fight shy of them are the singers; concerted pieces require musicianship, hard rehearsing, and the suppression of private interests. Some people judge the success of a play by the box-office receipts, others by the amount of applause, the number of encores demanded or calls before the curtain. I prefer to judge by the behavior of the audience during the music itself. An English audience generally talks hard all through an overture. Mr. Künneke's tunes reduced the audience, during the overture, to sudden silences. Anyone who takes the trouble to observe carefully can find out if

an audience is enjoying a piece of music or not. Applause at the end is generally given for the performers, rather than for the music, especially if there is an effective high note or high kicks. What the music gets, if it is good, is not applause but breathless attention. If managers realized this they might trust music a little more. Singers cannot be expected to do so. They will always sing the simplest thing in a way of their own, changing the rhythm or the actual notes, in order to draw attention to themselves apart from the song. Personality is what counts with an audience, and singers who have little personality are afraid that the music may swamp it. It is probably not my place to criticize individual performers in "*The Cousin from Nowhere*," but it may be pointed out that some trusted the composer and sang his tunes, while others preferred to talk them. Miss Stella St. Audrie as Aunt Wilhelmina never exaggerated, and never forgot to sing; but she kept us all in fits of laughter the whole time that she was on the stage. Mr. Roy Royston has a part in which there is every temptation to sacrifice music to eccentric comedy; his voice, too, is not fully developed. But he takes care of it; he sings his notes, and his tunes come through. He is a wise young man; he respects music, and he is not going to throw his voice away for the sake of an extra laugh. The weak part of the entertainment is its dialogue. The German "book" was not much better, but it was at least shorter, if I remember right. Our English actors and actresses are more amusing than their cousins in Berlin; but it is the same old mistrust of music that induces the adapter to pad the comedy out with so many superfluities.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## The Drama.

### ZION AND ZINC.

Prince of Wales Theatre: "*Taffy*." By Caradoc Evans.

"THERE is a chapel on every road in Wales," says the heroine of Mr. Caradoc Evans's play to her preacher-lover when he is simple enough to believe that by escaping from his local Zion he can get quit of all the chapel stands for. Yes; there is, will always be, a chapel on every road, not only in Wales, but in all the world inhabited by men in community. Sometimes the chapel is called a church, or the church, and sometimes it bubbles over with equally violent indignation at being called either church or chapel. Whatever its style, it is always there, and we can no more do without it than we can do without that other harassing institution symbolized in this play in a peculiarly devastating form by Marged, the daughter of Twmi, the farmer.

It is a pity that this thought did not occur to the people who on Monday afternoon had the politeness to interrupt the ladies and gentlemen on the stage with noises recalling the last squeak and gasp of an exhausted siphon—evidence of Cymric patriotism or of piety? But it is really a worse pity that it did not occur to Mr. Caradoc Evans himself. He might then have applied the vitriol-sprayer with more discrimination to his people and their faith. The schism between Capel Zion and Capel Zinc (it arose on a point of rejected roofing material) is a pretty bit of satire; yet, after all, the uncouthness and pettiness of the squabbling village Big Heads (deacons they are called elsewhere) is not a whit more despicable, morally, than the more polished ecclesiastical intrigues of —. But why throw a stone from a conservatory through anyone's stained-glass window? Mr. Evans might have shown us a little more of the other side of the shield; just a glimpse of it we had at the end, when the singing floated up from Zion and old Farmer Twmi remembered the balm of prayer and preaching, the magic of holy words that had been the viaticum of his lifetime.

Meanwhile, Mr. Evans has the right to deliver his own message. The scourge is in his hand, and he has energy in using it. Terrible grotesques are his Big



## COMPANY MEETING.

SELFRIDGE AND CO.  
ANOTHER PROSPEROUS YEAR.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Selfridge & Co., Ltd., was held on the 27th ult., at the company's premises, Oxford Street, W., Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding. The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said in the course of his address: No one feels that business conditions in Great Britain have been very happy in 1922, but we are able to show for that period one of the best results in our history. If everything is taken into consideration 1922 has proved—except the boom 12 months of 1919—our best year. Any business of this kind, and especially this business, which we know so absolutely and minutely, is as strong, as solid, as safe as the rock of Gibraltar if managed intelligently and well. Its progress and development each year depend upon certain requisites—in our own case we have reached a time when more selling space is very essential. As will be remembered, we built the first section of our new building two or three years ago, but at a cost so high that we concluded to stop all building until these abnormal costs were reduced to reasonable limits. We are now asking for tenders, and if they prove satisfactory we hope soon to add to our premises the second section—extending from the present new building along Orchard Street to Oxford Street.

In dealing with the balance-sheet, the Chairman drew attention to the item of "Staff Participating Shares." These, he said, have been created to allow members of the staff to participate in the success of the business up to 12 per cent. per annum. On these shares is paid a fixed 6 per cent. and a bonus, which brings their percentage up to 2 per cent. more than is paid on the ordinary privately-held shares up to 12 per cent. This to us seems to be a scheme of profit-sharing far superior to the usual systems. It encourages members to save money in the first place—to invest it, and then to receive a very high return. We venture to commend this method to other businesses, and will be glad to show any who may be interested the entire details. It is, further, very pleasurable to us to show in this substantial manner appreciation of the delightful loyalty and spirit of goodwill which is universal in the personnel of our staff. We believe that loyalty is a sentiment which demands reciprocation, and a house and its direct controllers owe as truly and as sincerely a loyalty to their members as they expect from those members. This too often, we think, is not quite realised. With us that loyalty on both sides has grown and matured into a genuine and deep friendship and sincere respect.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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Hampton & Sons will sell the above by Auction upon the Premises on Friday, March 8th, 1923, at 12 o'clock.

N.B.—The antique and modern appointments of the Mansion, etchings, etc., will be sold on the Premises on Monday, March 5th, and following days. Catalogues is. each of the Auctioneers, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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Hampton & Sons will sell the above by Auction on the Premises on Thursday, March 15th, 1923, at 12 o'clock.

N.B.—The antique and modern English and French furniture, valuable pictures, drawings and prints, Porcelain, Bronzes, Silver, etc., will be sold upon the Premises on Monday, March 12th, and following days. Catalogues is. each of the Auctioneers, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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Heads—masons, undertakers, shopkeepers, chaffering to sell their land, their gravestones, their coffins, their upholstery and mourning to the chapel and its faithful. Dire humbugs are his preachers, lachrymose ranters, unable even to gather the trash for their own sermons or daring young Tartuffes like the hero, Spurgeon Evans, who only saves his soul at last by tearing off the black coat and white tie and going back to the corduroys of his peasant upbringing. Whatever else may fail to grip, there is strength and to spare in the last stark scene on the grass plot called by the chapel owners "The Garden of Eden"; where Evans wins back as by fire his innocence, and, having stripped off the old clothes of humbug, starts life again with nothing—to find he has everything, and Marged thrown into the bargain. Perhaps, indeed, Marged is the more promising creation of the two; for Evans, when all is said, is a piece of propaganda, while she, with her quick and logical discernment of truth from lies, her ruthlessness, and her unconquerable self-will, is the figure of a real woman, such as Mr. Shaw has had the clear-sightedness many times to draw.

"The characters," we were told in the programme, "are supposed to be talking in Welsh." We wish they could have talked in Welsh and that we could have understood them if they did. For a whole cast to keep up Welsh-accented English throughout a play is rather a strain. It was very creditable to the volunteer company that gave the piece that they brought it off as successfully as they did. From a cast of which almost every member deserved special praise we must select first Mr. Ben Field, who gave as "tearful Ben," Evans's rival in preaching, a rich study of sanctimonious absurdity, and then Mr. Lawrence Anderson, who as Spurgeon Evans showed himself an actor able to blend charm and virility with unusual art. He contrived never to be disgusting in the opening Tartuffe scenes, but to suggest throughout a latent force of manhood. Last and best of all was the Marged of Miss Edith Evans. A raucous note (perhaps due to a cold) in some of the more hectoring passages was the only defect; otherwise the masterful and passionate personality of the girl flowed from her with an intensity that dominated the stage. Unforgettable are certain movements in the scene when, gun in hand, she banishes the chapel vampires from the supposed death-bed of her father. Watching the episode, one almost seemed to hear the *Sortez, messieurs!* of a queen of Alexandrine tragedy. May we soon see her again in some great declamatory part from the romantic or rhetorical repertory!

D. L. M.

## Science.

### WITCHES AND EVIDENCE.

If one were asked to state what is the chief value of science to mankind as a whole, one would probably be right in saying that its chief value consisted in a certain vague but widely diffused estimate of probabilities, a sense of rationality, which it has done much to foster and which now, through the striking and obvious successes achieved by science, is probably an ineradicable element of the European mind. Of the other contributions to human welfare made by science we may say that some of them are for the few and some of them are of doubtful value. The æsthetic charm of a great scientific theory is for the few; the practical applications of science are sometimes of doubtful value. But that a widespread sentiment of rationality is an unmixed blessing is most clearly seen on examining epochs of human history when it did not exist. When we are in the superficially embittered mood provoked by the Sunday newspapers, the superstitions of bridge-players, the House of Commons' conception of logic, we might idly assert that no age could be more irrational than our own. But this statement is not much more than a form

of swearing: it relieves emotion, but does not describe a fact. The fact is that European communities, in the past, have believed and acted on things so vile and idiotic that even our Sunday papers would not now advocate them. For those to whom a political speech or an item of fashionable intelligence ensures a black day of unrelieved pessimism we commend as a corrective the article on "Dr. John Weyer and the Witch Mania," published in the first volume of Dr. Charles Singer's excellent "Studies in the History and Method of Science."

The corrective is a powerful one, but it is as well to know what the irrational elements in man may lead to, and what the sentiment of rationality guards us against. With the revival of Greek, the invention of printing, the discovery of America in the second half of the fifteenth century, there came into existence also the most detestable and purely idiotic of all human manifestations—the witch mania. It lasted for two centuries, and for all that time this almost unbelievable idiocy was part of the normal thinking of all classes. A very sober estimate of the number of people burned alive for witchcraft from 1500 to 1700 is three-quarters of a million, which is at the rate of ten daily. Practically all these people were horribly tortured before being executed. Many were tortured several times. Maria Hollin, at Nördlingen (1593), was tortured fifty-six times. Little children were burned with their parents. In Strasburg, in the twenty years from 1615 to 1635, 5,000 people were burned. In the small diocese of Neisse 1,000 suffered between 1640 and 1650. The expense of the stake and pile was considerable for so small a diocese, so a special oven was constructed, in which the victims were roasted. The instruments of torture, which was universally applied, included, besides the ordinary rack, thumb-screws, and leg-crushers, spiked wheels over which the victims were drawn with weights on their feet, boiling oil poured on the legs, burning sulphur dropped on the bodies, lighted candles held beneath the armpits, revolving tables which whirled the victims into insensibility, and—even more ingenious devices.

It is needless to say anything about the moral tone of a community which approves of these things being done at the rate of ten a day for two hundred years. But what was the theory on which these people of the glorious Renaissance justified their actions? The theory was simple. It was believed that human beings could enter into compacts with the devil, that they could associate habitually with demons, even having sexual intercourse with them, and that they thereby acquired supernatural powers. It was supposed, for instance, that old women could enter rooms through keyholes, transform themselves into various animals, including shell-fish, and ride through the air on broomsticks. Now these beliefs are of a very startling kind, and, since thoroughly respectable and religious citizens were willing to torture and execute men, women, and children guilty of these practices, one would suppose that they required evidence for them. What evidence could there be? Had anybody ever seen an old woman enter a room through a keyhole? Could a learned judge of the Renaissance, an enthusiast for the beautiful sanity of the Greeks as contrasted with the grovelling superstitions of the Dark Ages, believe, on mere hearsay, that an old woman had transformed herself into a shell-fish and back again? In the so-called Dark Ages people were not so credulous. St. Boniface (680-755) classed belief in witches amongst the works of the devil. Gregory VII. forbade inquisition for witches to be made. In the eleventh century King Coloman of Hungary gave his edict: "Let no one speak of witches, seeing there are none." Such expressions of opinion, in the time of the Renaissance, would have ensured their authors being burned. What evidence, then, did these Renaissance judges base their condemnations on? On the confessions of the victims. No other evidence was regarded as final. Practically all the witches burned during those centuries were witches on their own confession. They agreed that they had flown through keyholes and ridden on broomsticks. They



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agreed that they had had sexual intercourse with demons and had made compacts with the devil. Every one of the charges was supported out of the mouths of the witches themselves.

The method of extracting these confessions was remarkably simple. The victims were tortured and re-tortured until they did confess; until, in fact, they preferred to be burned rather than be tortured again. For denial availed nothing. The tortures continued until the limit of the victim's endurance was reached. Such was the method, and, to the astounding intellectual outlook of that age, there was nothing irrational about it. The method was highly efficient, for it secured the condemnation not only of the witch but of all the witch's accomplices. For the torture was continued until the witch gave other names as being accomplices. The accomplices were then tortured till they confessed. Thus every convicted witch became, as it were, a centre which lit up hitherto unsuspected dark places. In this way it was possible to find a diocese in which hardly a woman was left alive in any of the villages. As against confession nothing availed. Thus, at Lindheim, a woman confessed, under torture, that she had dug up and carried off the body of an infant. She named four other women as her accomplices. But it happened that the grave was opened and the body of the infant found uninjured. Such evidence was held to be irrelevant in face of the confessions, and all five women were burned. Instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

It must be remembered that, except for one or two isolated protestors, of whom Dr. John Weyer was one, the whole of this idiocy commended itself as righteous and rational to the consciences and intellects of all classes. It must be agreed, surely, that things are better now. Our leaders can instigate wars for gold, our politicians can use arguments involving flagrant *non sequiturs* and be cheered for them, but probably they could not get up a witch-hunt supported by the arguments accepted two hundred years ago. We are that much more rational. And since science has done a great deal to bring about this increase in rationality, and since, as long as science is respected, those old manias cannot flourish, we must preserve an underlying respect for the scientific mind even when we attack some of its unimaginative, pedantic, and insensitive manifestations. For, seeing how horrible the alternatives may be, we must hold fast to this rigorous standard of truthfulness, this cautious scepticism, this unexcited sanity, as one of the chief and most indispensable elements in our present-day standing as human beings.

S.

### Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Properties," Lecture III., Sir E. Rutherford.  
 Sun. 4. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Renan as a Moralist," Mr. Joseph McCabe.  
 Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C.1), 5.—"The Story of Oxford and Cambridge," Dr. Albert Mansbridge.  
 Mon. 5. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.  
 University College, 5.—"The Invertebrate Fauna of the Soil," Dr. A. D. Imms.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Psychology and Psychotherapy," Lecture III., Dr. W. Brown.  
 Aristotelian Society, 8.—"Psycho-biology," Mr. E. S. Russell.  
 Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Accurate Length Measurement," Lecture I., Mr. J. E. Sears, Jun.  
 Tues. 6. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"The Evangelical Standpoint in Prayer-Book Revision," Prebendary E. Sharpe.  
 Royal Institution, 3.—"Life and its Rhythms," Lecture II., Sir Arthur E. Shipley.  
 Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Dominion and Colonial Sections of the British Empire Exhibition," Major E. A. Belcher.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Expansion of Europe Overland," Lecture III., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Physical Causality and Modern Science," Lecture III., Prof. H. W. Carr.  
 Viking Society (Burlington House), 5.30.—"Trade and Shipping in Early Times," Dr. Alex. Bugge.  
 Zoological Society, 5.30.

- Wed. 7. University College, 5.—"The Chemical Activities of the Soil Population," Sir John Russell.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Relations of Science and Industry," Sir Herbert Jackson.  
 Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Forests of North Russia and their Economic Importance," Prof. E. P. Stebbing.  
 Thurs. 8. Royal Institution, 3.—"Water Power of the Empire," Lecture II., Mr. Theodore Stevens.  
 Royal Society, 4.30.—"Determination of Velocity of Explosion Waves in Sea Water," Messrs. A. B. Wood, H. E. Browne, and C. Cochrane.  
 King's College, 5.—"Ethics and the Philosophy of History," Lecture I., Prof. E. Troeltsch (of Berlin).  
 Royal Historical Society, 5.—"The System of Account of the Wardrobe under Edward I.," Mr. C. Johnson.  
 Royal Institute of British Architects, 5.—"Painting and Architecture," Mr. Walter Bayes.  
 Imperial War Relief Committee (King's College), 5.30.—"Five Favorites," Mr. John Galsworthy.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Three Russian Poets: I. Pushkin," Prince D. S. Mirsky.  
 London School of Economics, 6.—"Political Developments in India, 1920-22," Lecture II., Sir W. Vincent.  
 University College, 8.—"Problems of the Peace," Lecture I., Mr. H. W. V. Temperley.  
 Fri. 9. Japan Society (20, Hanover Square), 5.—"Religious Life in Japan," Mr. Yakichiro Suma.  
 King's College 5.30.—"The Case for Pluralism," Lecture II., Mr. C. E. M. Joad.  
 Union of Democratic Control (Kingsway Hall), 7.30.—"The Crisis in Europe," Chairman, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby; Speakers, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. C. Trevelyan, and others.  
 Royal Institution, 9.—"Sunlight and Disease," Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

### The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

#### RELIGION.

- Adami (J. George). On the Unity of the Churches. Cambridge, Heffer, 1/-.  
 Bennett (Allan). The Wisdom of the Aryas. Kegan Paul, 2/6.  
 Berry (Sidney M.). Revealing Light. Nisbet, 5/-.  
 Conder (Col. C. R.). The Hebrew Tragedy. Galashiels, Kenneth Cochrane.  
 Cram (Ralph Adams). Towards the Great Peace. Harrap, 7/6.  
 Dickey (Prof. Samuel). The Constructive Revolution of Jesus (Christian Revolution Series). Swarthmore Press, 6/-.  
 Free (Richard). Is the Bible True? Scott, 2/-.  
 Morse-Boycott (Desmond). Seven Words of Love: Meditations for Lent. Society of St. Peter and Paul, 1/-.  
 Nairne (Alex.). Every Man's Story of the Old Testament. 62 ill., 5 maps. Mowbray, 4/6.  
 Provand (W. S.). Puritanism in the Scottish Church: Haste Lectures. Paisley, A. Gardner, 6/-.  
 House (Charles M.). Spiritism and the Voice of the Church. Society of St. Peter and Paul, 6d.  
 Sadler (Gilbert T.). The Symbolic Stories of the Man in Men. W. H. Smith & Son, 1/-.  
 Talbot (Dr. Neville S.). The Returning Tide of Faith. Nisbet, 5/-.  
 Wood (William Hamilton). The Religion of Science. Macmillan, 6/-.  
 \*Baker (Ray Stannard). Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement. Vol. III. Heinemann, 36/-.  
 Corbin (John). The Return of the Middle Class. Scribner, 10/6.  
 Crowdon (Capt. R. S.). Our Unemployment Problem. Introd. by G. H. Roberts. Economic Publishing Co., 14, New Bridge St., E.C.4, 2/6.  
 Fimmen (Edo). The International Federation of Trade Unions: its Development and Aims. Amsterdam, International Federation.  
 Gallaher (G. R. S.). Why Some Succeed and Others Fail: a Bank Manager's Hints. Emingham Wilson, 1/-.  
 \*Gandhi (Mahatma). Young India, 1919-22. With a Sketch of the Non-Co-operation Movement by Babu Rajendra Prasad. Triplicane, Madras, S. Ganesan, 84.  
 Gibbons (Herbert Adams). An Introduction to World Politics. Allen & Unwin, 18/-.  
 \*Gottain (H.). Primitive Ordeal and Modern Law. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.  
 Gray (Alexander). Some Aspects of National Health Insurance. King, 2/-.  
 \*Anderson (Sherwood). Windy McPherson's Son. Cape, 7/6.  
 \*Bachelier (Irving). In the Days of Poor Richard. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
 Berger (Marcel). The House of Death. Introd. by Alys Eyre Macklin (Les Fleurs de France). Philpot, 5/-.  
 Brebner (Percy James). The Fountain of Green Fire. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
 Cooper (Courtney Ryley). The White Desert. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.  
 Corbett-Smith (A.). Riders of the Air. Grant Richards, 6/-.  
 Horn (Hollway). The Neglected Fire. Collins, 7/6.  
 Howard (Alice). Riley. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.  
 Isham (Ferdie S.). Three Live Ghosts. Odhams, 2/-.  
 Knoop (Baroness de). Pauline. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.  
 \*Knox (Ronald A.). Memories of the Future. Written in the Year of Grace 1900 by Opal, Lady Porstock. Methuen, 7/6.  
 Lorimer (Norma). The False Dawn. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
 Magraw (John Ed.). The Tale of the Old Temple. Cape Town, T. Maskew Miller (Oxford, Blackwell), 7/6.  
 Milton (G. E.) and Scott (J. G.). A Frontier Man. Murray, 7/6.  
 Peterson (Margaret). The Scent of the Rose. Cassell, 7/6.



